THE CONTEMPORARY PRESS.

AN EPITOME OF THINGS OF CURRENT INTEREST.

THE GERMAN ARMY BILL.

THE proposed reorganization of the German army is perhaps the most important question of the day in European politics. It is intended to turn the scales of the "balance of power" in favor of the great military empire of the Hohenzollerns; and if it is successfully carried out it will undoubtedly put the Kaiser Wilhelm at the head of the most tremendous armed force in the world. But it is clear that it will not be carried out without a severe contest between its originators and its opponents—a contest whose results may prove far reaching in their effect on German destinies.

The two main features of the proposal are an increase of the standing army and the reserve, and a reduction of the term of service with the colors. The prescribed period of training for recruits, which has hitherto been, with some exceptions, three years, is to become, with some exceptions, two years. But while thus appearing to lighten the empire's military burdens with one hand, with the other the measure adds to them a new and heavy load. The strength of the army, on a peace footing, is to be increased by nearly 100,000. The annual number of recruits, now about 161,000, is to be raised to 245,000. The additional expenses to be borne by a people already taxed as heavily as can well be borne will be a lump sum of nearly $17,000,000 and a further annual item of $16,000,000.

When the new system shall have been fully developed Germany will have in time of war a trained army of 4,400,000 men. France, which has already reached the extreme limit of her resources so far as numbers are concerned, and remains only a little behind Russia in the strength of her army on a war footing, will then have at her disposal 4,125,000 soldiers. Thus Germany will have a surplus of 275,000 troops to counterbalance partially the numerical weakness of her allies, Austria-Hungary and Italy.

The bill that is to effect this reorganization came before the Bundesrath, or Federal Council of the Empire, some weeks ago. The deliberations of that body are secret, but the *Coelnische Zeitung* (*Cologne Gazette*), with an enterprise somewhat rare with the German press, discovered and published the terms of the measure.

Thus forewarned, the more liberal polit-

CHANCELOR VON CAPRIVI.
From a photograph by Scheurich, Berlin.

KAISER WILHELM OF GERMANY.
From a photograph by Scheurich, Berlin.

ical parties of Germany are sure to make a bitter fight against the bill when it is introduced into the Reichstag. It is tolerably sure to pass the Bundesrath, which is usually submissive to administrative influences. The young Kaiser and Chancelor Caprivi* are earnest supporters of the measure. Indeed, the former has declared, according to the Berlin correspondent of the New York *Herald*, that he will stretch his imperial prerogatives to pass it through the Reichstag, which is to meet on the 22d of November. "This time," he is reported as saying with characteristic vehemence, "I shall go on to the bitter end. If necessary we will dissolve the Reichstag, and if the new majority should also be hostile we will continue dissolving until the bill is passed."

Such an utterance, as the *Herald* remarks, is, if correctly given, "defiance to the will of the people, and when a monarch defies a people then revolution is dangerously near. Has Wilhelm forgotten the recent riots in Berlin?"

One of the arguments urged against the bill is that the old Kaiser Wilhelm always upheld the three years' service system as the cardinal feature of the German army. It should not be forgotten that Bismarck has stated his intention of taking an active part in the work of the Reichstag's next session; and his devotion to old military traditions, coupled with his hostility to Caprivi, may make him a factor in the coming contest.

"It is not pretended," observes the New York *Sun*, "that any of the European powers could mobilize and feed four million men at once, and, therefore, those who advocate Chancelor Caprivi's project do so on the assumption that the next war will be a long one. They have in their favor the prediction of Moltke that the next European war will be one of two or three campaigns. Bismarck, on the other hand, believes that the coming contest between France and Germany will be short, sharp, and decisive; that it will be settled by armies of from 100,000 to 200,000 men, and that, consequently, the additional conscripts demanded by Caprivi are superfluous."

ZOLA AND NAPOLEON III.

Louis Napoleon's complexion is hardly a matter of first rate historical importance; yet it is just now a subject of literary and even political controversy. The discussion arose from Emile Zola's statement, in "La Débacle," that on the morning of Sedan the doomed emperor appeared with glowing cheeks, and that "assuredly he had his face painted." Paul de Cassagnac, one of

*General Caprivi is a German, and his father was a German—a law officer of the Prussian government—but his family is of Italian origin, its full name being Caprivi di Caprera di Montecuccoli. He was born in Berlin sixty one years ago, entered the army at eighteen, and served with distinction in the campaigns against Austria and France. In 1883 he left the army for the navy, being appointed as head of the Admiralty. In 1890 the young emperor called him to the post left vacant by Bismarck's resignation. In personal appearance the present chancelor is remarkably like his famous predecessor—very tall and broad shouldered, with the same high forehead, massive jaw, and heavy gray eyebrows and mustache; but Bismarck's air of "blood and iron" is tempered in Caprivi by a polished suavity. He has never married.

the few French statesmen still loyal to the "lost cause" of the Imperialists, came forward to deny the charge that Napoleon resorted to the use of a cosmetic. M. de Cassagnac speaks with some authority, for he was at Sedan, where he fought as a volunteer member of a Zouave regiment, and both at and before that time he was one of the emperor's closest associates.

The London *Telegraph*, in reviewing the controversy, cites the late A. W. Kinglake's assertion, made in his "History of the Crimean War," that Napoleon III was wont, in perilous emergencies, to turn positively green in the face. On Kinglake's authority, this story obtained wide credence, "and to some extent it was used to bolster up the absurd accusation of personal cowardice which the ultra Republicans constantly brought against their imperial foe. It remained for an illustrious English surgeon, not long deceased, to point out the indubitable verity that a man has no command over his blood, although by the exercise of his will he has every command over his muscles.

"Meanwhile it must be admitted that in circumstances of emergency the features of Napoleon III did assume a peculiar hue. The color was certainly not ruddy, nor was it swarthy or sallow; it was a curious leaden gray. But such a leaden gray had nothing to do with the emperor's capacity for incurring danger without wavering. He was undoubtedly as brave as his uncle, the great Napoleon, who, by the way, was frequently accused in the English press of being an abject coward. The harum scarum adventure of Strasburg and the madcap escapade at Boulogne showed that poltroonery was not among his shortcomings; and although, as Mr. Kinglake would have us believe, Napoleon III turned green at Solferino and Magenta, there is plenty of evidence from eye witnesses who were near to the emperor throughout those momentous battles to show that, whatever tint the face of the emperor took, it was certainly not a verdant one.

"It should be remembered that at Sedan Napoleon III was desperately ill. He was tormented by the throes of an agonizing disease, the weather was oppressively hot, and the leaden gray color that came over his features may have been in part due to the peculiar effect of the heat on his blood, partly to the mental anxiety with which he was racked, and partially to the anguish of his malady—anguish so dire that the cigarette which he was perpetually smoking often fell from his trembling fingers. Yet the man was as brave then as he had been at Strasburg and Boulogne, and in the perilous moments of the *coup d'etat* of 1851. It is ridiculous to suppose that he had painted his face red during the period preceding his final overthrow. He came of a pale faced race. His mother was the daughter of a creole; his uncle, Napoleon the Great, was in youth inclined to sallowness, but at St. Helena his complexion became ivory white, and the surgeon who examined his body after death testified that his skin was strikingly beautiful in its almost feminine whiteness.

EMILE ZOLA.
From a photograph by Nadar, Paris.

"Yet did the irony of fate decree that for a few brief hours the nephew of the Corsican conqueror, the dethroned and exiled Napoleon III, should be visible with a face painted red. He died at Chiselhurst, on the 9th of January, 1873. His remains were carefully embalmed, and throughout the day preceding his funeral the corpse lay in state and was seen by thousands of hushed spectators. The mustaches of the dead man had been carefully twisted and waxed, and his cheeks and lips as scrupulously rouged! But that was only the final touch of the embalmer's art."

In spite of all the contrary testimony, however, Zola* has reaffirmed his story of the emperor's rouging at Sedan. In replying to his opponents he says, according to the New York *Evening Post*: "Clearly these friends have thought the thing ridiculous humiliation, a lowering of the sovereign to the rôle of a buffoon. On the contrary, this seems to me a great mistake. I find the act superb, worthy of the hero of a Shaksperian play, heightening the figure of Napoleon III to a tragic melancholy of an infinite grandeur. If there had been a single artist among these people who censure me, I am sure he would have told them to let things go as they were."

BARON ALPHONSE DE ROTHSCHILD.
From a photograph by Dairéaux, Paris.

A ROTHSCHILD ON WORKINGMEN.

MEN'S views depend largely upon their view point. Mr. Henry George tells us that "every day as it passes brings the great 'labor question' more and more to the foreground in every country of the civilized world." Baron Alphonse de Rothschild, on the other hand, assures us that the "question" is a mere myth, a figment of the imagination, a scarecrow of the professional political agitator.

The baron explained his highly optimistic estimate of modern society to a reporter of the Paris *Figaro*, who asked his opinion on the causes and significance of the socialistic movement in France. "We are in the presence of no crisis," the great financier said. "I am sure that the workmen—I speak in general—are satisfied with their condition; that they do not complain, and that they don't trouble themselves with the thing which is called socialism. Certainly there are agitators who try to

* A recent cable dispatch announces that Zola is canvassing for the seat in the Academy made vacant by Renan's death. Admission to the circle of the "Forty Immortals" is a privilege he has hitherto sought in vain. The last vacant seat—that of Octave Feuillet—went to Pierre Loti (Lieutenant Viaud), who in his inaugural address passed a pointed and scathing criticism upon the realistic fiction of which Zola is the great exponent. "This utter coarseness," he said, "this cynicism which mocks at everything, are morbid phenomena peculiar to Paris and its suburbs. I am sure of it, coming as I do from the free air beyond."

Zola is a thorough Parisian—born there in 1840, and domiciled there throughout his literary career, which began as an employee of the famous publishing house of Hachette. In 1865 he left the Hachettes to enter journalism, and later to give all his time to novel writing.

make all the noise possible around themselves, but they have no hold upon the honest, reasonable, and industrious laborers, and no influence over them."

To a suggestion that the present distribution of wealth is not always regarded as ideally equitable, the baron replied, practically, with a "What are you going to do about it?" "There are people who are rich," he said, "some more rich than others and that's all. The rich of today will be the poor of tomorrow. Riches follow the variations in all things. Everybody is exposed to these variations, everybody without exception, and nobody can hope to escape them. Do I think that there will always be rich men and poor men in the world? I do. Do you believe that we can abolish disease? Shall we not always have sick men and robust men?"

The existing law of inheritance M. de Rothschild supported by an *argumentum ad hominem*. "Are you married?" he asked the reporter. "Not yet." "Well, when you are married and have children you will suffer no attack to be made upon inheritance."*

So much for the complacent opinions of a multi-millionaire. There is more human sympathy, more suggestiveness, more truth in such a statement of the case as the November *Century's* "Plain Words to Workingmen, by One of Them." "The cause of labor," says the writer, Fred Woodrow, "is the issue of the hour. What it ought to have, but has not got; what it might be, but is not; and what it may be, if it goes the right way to get there, are questions that fill the newspapers, occupy platforms and pulpits, and cause not a little headache in monopolistic and society nightcaps."

"Some of Our Faults" and "Our Follies" are topics on which Mr. Woodrow dwells with the frankness of a "candid friend." On "Our Chances" he is soberly hopeful. "We have come to a point in labor progress," he says, "where we see not only the fence rails that shut us in to small pudding and poor pay, but have the means, and the public consent, to take them down. We can get out of the woods into the road, and out of darkness into daylight, if we choose to do so. We wanted good laws, and we have come at last under the dome of Washington, and up the stairways of Congress. By civilization and progress, we are no longer the serfs of society, but the sovereigns. What we think, and say, and do, is not now a mere matter of club

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.
Drawn from a photograph.

rooms, third floors, and back basements, but a national concern. We are in the reading desk; have we mastered the alphabet? We are at the helm of the ship; do we know the chart? Have we the necessary wisdom to see our chances and to use them?"

He finds a cheering example in the humble beginnings of the cooperative idea that has done so much for the operatives of the Lancashire factories.

"Just remember that file of twenty eight poor weavers, tramping over the cobblestones of Toad Lane in Rochdale, taking down the shutters of an old factory room, and stocking it with groceries, with the shoeblacks throwing mud at them, and the policeman uncertain whether they were tramps or lunatics. They went on, however, in the way of weaving by day and running their store at night, buying out of their investment what they wanted of tea, sugar, matches, and bacon. In 1844 they

* Baron Alphonse de Rothschild is the eldest son of Baron James, the founder of the Paris house, and a grandson of Mayer Amschel, the first millionaire Rothschild. He married his cousin, the daughter of Baron Lionel, of London, and has two daughters, who are the wives of Baron Albert de Rothschild of Vienna, and of M. Ephrussi, another great Hebrew banker of Paris. His town house, on the Place de la Concorde, is the one in which Alexander I of Russia lived while the allied sovereigns occupied Paris in 1815. He has a splendid country place at Ferrieres, which has also been occupied by an invader—Prince Bismarck, during the German invasion of 1870-71.

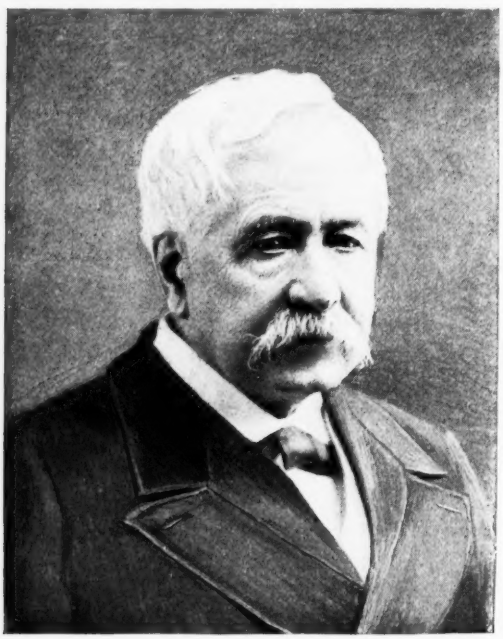
started with just 28 members and a capital of £28. In 1867 they had 6,823 members, £128,435 in funds, had done business to the amount of £284,910, and had accumulated the round sum of £41,619 as clear profit. There is no reason why we should not add to our little store by such enterprise and good sense. It is a grand idea; there is no such like it in any scheme for our industrial well being."

Cooperation and profit sharing Mr. Woodrow upholds as principles that are "distributive without being unjust." But in indicating practical methods for remedying existing evils he does not go much further. It is indeed much easier to generalize than to particularize on a subject of such exceeding difficulty; but he is safe in saying, as a conclusion, that "we workingmen have, as a class, our faults and follies; we have had our backsets, and we have some excuses for our ignorance; but be the past all it has been of wrongs, tyrannies, rags, tears, and bare bones, we can be even the better for that stern discipline—if we do not come short of our duty."

SWINBURNE AND THE LAUREL.

THE English laureateship is still vacant at the time of writing this, and may remain so for some time—indefinitely, perhaps. The discussion of the claims of the various possible successors of Tennyson has at least had the effect of making the names and some of the works of England's lesser contemporary poets better known than before to American readers; but it has failed to reveal in any one of them powers worthy to rank with those of the author of "In Memoriam." "As a race, poets are extinct," is the Boston *Herald's* sweeping summary of the literary situation.

The discussion has also shown that the precise nature of the laureateship is not universally understood. We have read, in periodicals usually well informed, allusions to the supposed adulatory duties of the office, to Queen Victoria's power of appointing its tenant, and to the impossibility of the post being offered to a candidate disqualified by his political views. All of these are misconceptions. The laureateship, as the New York *Sun* points out, "is nominally in the gift of the lord chamberlain, who himself, although ostensibly a court official, is really a political officer, who loses his post upon a change of ministers. So far as the appointment of the laureate is concerned, the lord chamberlain is the mere mouthpiece of the prime minister. That was demonstrated on the memorable occasion when Wordsworth, to whom the laureateship had been offered, received a letter from Sir Robert Peel, pressing him to reconsider his intended refusal. In accordance, therefore, with the only custom to which any attention need be paid, it is not Queen Victoria, or any court official, but Mr. Gladstone who will designate Tennyson's successor. Nor has England ever had a prime minister better qualified by taste and knowledge to discharge this particular duty. No one better knows what England's opinion is with regard to the relative merits of its still living poets, for that opinion he has largely helped to make.



FERDINAND DE LESSEPS.
From a photograph by Mora, New York.

"It has long been held the duty of the prime minister, as the representative of intelligent opinion, to offer the laureateship to the man who best deserves it by the scope and quality of his poetical achievements, and to do this irrespective of his supposed disposition to accept the gift. It was with such an understanding of a minister's

duty that the post of poet laureate was offered to Gray, who declined it, and afterward to Sir Walter Scott, by whom it was also refused. In like manner the laureateship was offered to Wordsworth for no other reason than because it was felt to be his due. At first he declined it on the score of advanced years, and then it was that Sir Robert Peel, who not unnaturally suspected another motive for the declination, wrote the letter which disposed once for all of the notion that the acceptance of the laurel would necessarily condemn a self respecting poet to the functions of a court flunkey. 'Do not be deterred,' Peel wrote to Wordsworth, 'by the fear of any obligations which the appointment may be supposed to imply. I will undertake that you shall have *nothing required* from you.' It was on this understanding that Wordsworth accepted the place, and, although he did write a sonnet on the occasion, it was significantly addressed to *himself*."

From these premises, which are undeniably correct, the logical conclusion would certainly be that Mr. Gladstone will after a proper interval offer the laureateship to Algernon Charles Swinburne.* Should he do so, and should the honor be declined, it is probable that public opinion would readily acquiesce in a decision to leave the post vacant for the present.

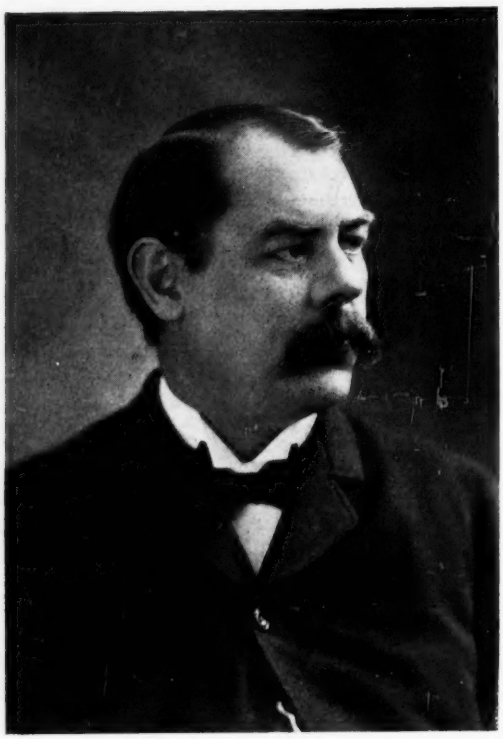
MAJOR GENERAL JOHN M. SCHOFIELD.
From a photograph by Bell, Washington.

THE PANAMA FAILURE.

THE attempt to cut a ship canal through the isthmus of Panama was—for it is to be feared that it can correctly be spoken of only in the past tense—so tremendous an engineering enterprise, so important in the commercial possibilities that depended on its success, and so truly tragic in its failure, its wasted lives and treasure, and its wrecked reputations that the report from Paris announcing an effort to revive the undertaking is of general interest.

The privileges granted by the government of Colombia to the original Panama Canal Company, of which Ferdinand de Lesseps was the founder, would long ago have lapsed had they not been extended on condition that that hopelessly bankrupt organization should turn over its plant and its rights to a new corporation, which should resume active work on the big ditch before the end of February, 1893. Efforts have been made to float such a company, but hitherto without success. Yet it hardly seems likely that the valuable concession

* The socialistic and revolutionary tendencies of Swinburne's verse have been extensively commented on; his career and personality are less familiar. He was "gently born"; his father was an admiral, his grandfather a baronet; and he can trace his descent back to the time of Edward II. Born in the west end of London in 1837, and educated at Eton and Balliol College, Oxford—which latter he left without taking a degree—his life has been one of artistic and literary leisure. He is somewhat of a recluse, though less so than Tennyson; a slight deafness handicaps him in general society, but with his intimates he is said to be a wonderful talker, frank, genial and brilliant. He is very small and slightly built, his height being but two inches over five feet. His portrait shows a rather weak mouth and chin and a disproportionately wide and high forehead.



ALBION W. TOURGEE.
From a photograph by Tomlinson, Detroit.

will be allowed to lapse at a date that is now so near.

Some three months ago it was announced that the receiver of the old company had induced M. Hieland, Vice President of the Paris Chamber of Commerce, to join him in promoting a new company, or syndicate, which should finish the canal. It was afterward reported that the syndicate had been formed, and that it was to complete the canal with a capital of $30,000,000. The news caused a little flurry in Panama shares on the Bourse, where they had only a nominal value.

But M. Hieland changed his mind, on the ground that there was no practical hope of bringing the enterprise to a successful issue. Overtures were thereupon made to M. Bonnardel, President of the Rhone Navigation Company, and this gentleman is now said to be about to take active steps toward resuming work on the scene of de Lesseps's* failure.

"Of course," as the New York *Times* remarks, "no one who is acquainted with the history of the bankrupt company, with the present condition of the abandoned works, and of the formidable problems which must be solved before a canal can be made on the selected route by any expenditure of money, will be deceived by a proposition to complete the canal by an expenditure of $30,000,000. Nor is it probable that capitalists in France or any other country can be induced to subscribe $30,000,000 for such a project as the one with which M. Hieland refused to be connected. But it is possible, and even probable, that a new canal company will soon be formed by a syndicate composed of the promoters and beneficiaries of the old company, with a nominal capital of $30,000,000, because something must be done to prevent the concession of the Colombian government from lapsing.

"Probably there will be a new company, and a show of resuming work will be made, if the promoters and beneficiaries of the old organization can see a chance to make money by keeping the concession alive. But if such a new company should be formed, it will not 'complete the canal'

* M. de Lesseps would assuredly rank as one of the "grand old men" of the day had not his brilliant reputation been seriously damaged by the very disastrous failure of his enterprise at Panama. He is four years older than Gladstone, having been born at Versailles in 1805. His early life was spent in the French diplomatic service, and he was nearly fifty when he first set on foot his Suez Canal project. The scheme was declared impossible by many eminent engineers, among them George Stephenson; but in spite of great natural obstacles, and no less menacing political complications, de Lesseps triumphed, and the canal, formally opened in 1869, has done incalculable service to the world's commerce. In that same year he married Mdlle. de Bragard, a Creole of less than one third his years, who has since borne him no less than ten daughters.

His fortunes do not appear to have suffered from the disaster that brought ruin to hundreds of investors whose fortune was staked on the success of his Panama project. His house in the Rue St. Florentin is one of the handsomest in Paris, and he has a fine country seat at Chesnaie. He is, or at least recently was, a remarkable instance of physical and mental activity prolonged into extreme old age. A Paris correspondent not long ago described him as "one of the best known figures in the French capital. His tightly buttoned black frock coat with a ribbon in the buttonhole, his black hat jauntily tilted a little to one side, square shoulders, brisk walk, give him a military bearing and make him appear many years younger than he really is. Notwithstanding his long residence in the tropics, his complexion is but slightly tanned. His cavalcade of children on prancing ponies, headed by their venerable father, is one of the sights of the Bois de Boulogne on every fair afternoon."

nor is it probable that it will really undertake to do this."

THE ARMY AS IT IS TODAY.

So often has a contrast been drawn between France or Germany, where military uniforms are omnipresent and every other family has its soldier member, and America, where a squad of regulars is a sight rare enough to draw crowds, that we are apt, in congratulating ourselves on dwelling in a land of peace, to underestimate the importance of our little standing army and to lose sight of the valuable, and even indispensable, services that it performs.

Its work for the twelve months ending with last October, which is reviewed in the recent official reports of General Schofield* and the department commanders, was probably less arduous than that of most previous years, and yet it included several calls to active duty. There were the pursuit of the Mexican outlaw Garza on the Rio Grande frontier; the suppression of rather serious riots among the cattlemen of Wyoming and the miners of Idaho; the preservation of order during the opening of Indian lands to settlement, and a few minor affairs with renegade or restless aborigines in the Southwest. Then, too, the public has perhaps forgotten the little "war scare" of last spring, which lasted long enough to test the army's readiness for service.

As to the material and moral condition of the troops, General Schofield speaks in terms of confident satisfaction. He reports that the discipline of the army is good, that it is well instructed, and that the new drill regulations will prove most useful. He recommends garrisons for various South Atlantic ports, and advises an artillery reserve in seaboard States.

Another official suggestion, brought forward by the inspector general, is that an army officer should be detailed as military secretary on the staff of each Governor of a State who desires it. This plan General Breckinridge thinks would make a new and needed tie between the different branches of the service, which would be a benefit both to the regulars and to the State troops, especially in case of war, when the service they could render might be of incalculable value in those preliminary movements which are of such importance and are so difficult and exacting in the hurly burly of actual war, and in which our army organization has been especially deficient. General Miles, of the Department of the Missouri, adds the suggestion that there should be a joint encampment of the two services, militia and regulars, during the Chicago exposition.

General Howard, commanding the Department of the Atlantic, which includes the bulk of the Eastern States, has in his report a merited word of praise for the State soldiery of New York and Pennsylvania, which performed services at Homestead and Buffalo that would otherwise have fallen to the Federal regiments. Now that the volunteer troops have given ample proof of their efficiency, the regulars, as the New York *Times* observes in commenting on the report, "remain as a reserve, which is not to be used as a mere *posse comitatus*, yet may be called upon when the President is required to protect a State from domestic violence, under the Constitution."

The chief feature of the coming military year will probably be the rearming of the troops with the new magazine rifle, which will be the latest and perhaps the best weapon that any army will possess.

THE DEATH OF MRS. HARRISON.

THE death of President Harrison's wife was very properly noticed in the pulpits of the land as well as in the editorial columns of the daily journals, and the good sense and taste that characterized the majority of these public and more or less formal utterances were very noticeable. Indeed, to such a degree was this true that the fact reflected honor on the national character. The following selection from the address of Professor Swing of Chicago is a good illustration of our statement:

"This is not to be a funeral sermon in any sense, but only a group of reflections called forth by the death of an average American woman. Having died in the home of the nation's President, she died in the sight of the whole nation. It was a singular destiny for a humble woman thus to

* Major General John McAllister Schofield, who now fills the post that has been held by such men as George Washington, Anthony Wayne, Winfield Scott, Ulysses Grant, and Tecumseh Sherman, is a native of New York State, born in 1831 in Chautauqua County. He was educated at West Point, but left the army to become professor of physics at the Washington University in St. Louis. At the outbreak of the civil war, like many other retired soldiers, he at once volunteered for service. He commanded divisions under Sherman and Thomas, winning especial distinction with the latter at Franklin and Nashville. Since the war he has been Secretary of War in Grant's cabinet, Superintendent at West Point, a department commander, and finally, four years ago, on the death of General Sheridan, he became commander in chief of the army.

die in the presence of the world, all her own people along with kings and queens expressing their sympathy as if in adjoining rooms. Her position lifted her up to be seated as upon a mountain, and permitted and compelled all modern society to see a modern average woman. The hour does not call for a funeral eulogy, but only for a study of the lesson which the week has thus set for us. Let us read always each page of our world as time slowly turns it for us. On the morrow some other page will come.

"What may make the study of today more pleasing is the thought that this woman was not in advance of her country; she was not exceptional in goodness or power. She was only the product of the times, and leaves behind her a million sisters who are as good and great, and who have drunk in the same virtues from the same adjoining world. Once when a barbarous tribe sent a spy into the Rome of the Cæsars that he might find out the quality of the empire against which the tribe was at war, the spy came back, saying: 'I have seen a nation of kings.' Could some honorable stranger thus visit America to report upon the quality of womanhood, this spy would be compelled to state that he had seen an average womanhood far above that of all the past."

Of Mrs. Harrison's life in the White House Judge Tourgee* speaks thus in his department of the Chicago *Inter Ocean*, the "Bystander's Notes":

"Various things had tended to make the White House the happy hunting ground of the reporter of domestic incident. Instead of according to the family of the Chief Magistrate the same right to domestic privacy as to the citizen, the President's household seemed to be regarded as part and parcel of a big show maintained for popular amusement.

"A lady who was the wife of one connected with a foreign legation once told in the Bystander's presence, as a direct and patent rebuttal of his belief in the inherent gentility of the American people, how she saw a spectacled dame, who was one of a delegation specially received by the President, stealthily draw a pair of scissors from her hand bag, and approaching her from behind, coolly snip a piece of dress trimming from the dress of the lady of the White House!

"One who had been a servitor at the Executive Mansion assured him that during one administration it was the custom of the servitors to keep duplicates of spoons, napkins, etc., which were supplied to visitors who sought for such mementoes, as having been stolen from the Presidential ménage. Perhaps this may explain a story to which the Bystander once listened in a public place from the lips of a young lady whose rank in society was of the very best. She was showing to her friends a fork, which 'Tom,' evidently a favored suitor, who was at an Eastern college, had sent her. It had been stolen, she said, from the table of the White House. The act received unqualified approval from the little group to which it was communicated in a tone so loud as to be an open secret to all in the room.

"It was by firm, tactful insistence upon the rights of the wife and mother, the absolute separation of the domestic from the official life of the White House, that Mrs. Harrison performed a service of inestimable value to the American people. With her advent the domestic reporter made his exit from its portal."

WHITTIER AND RELIGIOUS THOUGHT.

THE prophets of God in all ages have been poets. The minds through which He has spoken His will to the race and sent forth His influences for the elevation of mankind have been poetical and not logical. A true poet has recently passed from the earth, and few of the poetic line have lived nearer to God or been moved more by His spirit. Whittier was not only a poet, but a seer also, and a prophet as well.

"Every now and then," the Boston *Herald* aptly remarks, in reviewing Dr. Holmes's estimate of the Quaker poet, "there is created a man who in his own spiritual organization is a chronometer beating well nigh perfect time with the rhythm of the solar system, a sextant constructed in hair line correspondence with the angles of incidence and reflection of the sunbeams. Then look out for delicate, sure, safe observations of where, on the great rolling deep, anxious and trembling humanity really is. Such a man as this, in the view of Dr. Holmes, was Whittier. The fact that, inspired and exultant in the

* Albion W. Tourgee was born at Williamsfield, Ohio, fifty four years ago. He has been a lawyer, a soldier, a judge, an editor, and a lecturer as well as a novelist. As a volunteer in the civil war he was twice wounded, and spent several months in a Southern military prison. After the war he settled in North Carolina, where he remained for fifteen years, becoming judge of the Superior Court. His first novels, too, were written there. In 1881 he removed to Mayville, Chautauqua County, New York, where he now resides. A portrait of him appears on page 310.

glory of his celestially given data, he reasoned on them in terms of feeling and drew deductions from them in hymns and anthems of cheer and hope and thanksgiving, did not render him any less a thinker and a logician, nay, infinitely more such; a master of the full diapason of the divine logic of the universe. To deepen and enrich men's data is to change their whole manner of thought, to confront them with the universe in a new shape. 'The poet, who is true to his better nature,' Dr. Holmes goes on to say, 'is the best expression of the divine intelligence. He, too, speaks with authority.'

"High time is it men were through with the old beggarly distinction between thought and feeling. Every sublime feeling involves a sublime thought, and every sublime thought a sublime feeling. What, for example, were the thought of immortality as but a great speculative perhaps? Steep it and dye it, as Whittier did, in a flood of emotion, in tears, in yearnings unutterable, in soothing consolation, in hours of absolute triumph over time and sense, in a rapture of anticipation which is present bliss—draw the last divine logic of the heart out of it—and lo! it has become a mighty, elemental power.

"This is what Whittier has achieved all along the line for the great thoughts of God, of immortality, of a common humanity, of ultimate redemption from evil and sorrow in the final beatific vision. Yes, for religious *thought* in America has he done far more than 'any occupant of any pulpit.' For he has translated the thought of God, of humanity, of heaven, from barren dogma into peace, love, cheer, thanksgiving, and, apart from all questions of creed or sect, has made his appeal to the common human soul.

"How contemptible in comparison with this universal divine logic, the petty, sectarian chop logic of Episcopalian, Presbyterian, Baptist, Unitarian! These narrow, he broadened; these accentuate trivial distinctions, he fused all in loving unity; these envenom bad partisan passions, he welcomed and cheered with his godspeed the saints of all creeds and ages."

WHAT DRAWS CANADA.

IT is not possible for any intelligent American, no matter on which side of the international line he lives, to believe that this continent is to remain for many years politically divided. It must become a governmental unit.

Foremost among the causes that are now operating to bring the Canadian and American people into perfect fraternization are the industrial and commercial. Our age is not a military or ecclesiastic age. Mediæval conditions have passed away. The hope of gain and not of glory inspires this generation, and the forces that are now operant on this continent are in the line of continental unity.

It is not often that we have seen so much of truth in any single statement of the matter as in the following quotation from a Canadian journal:

"The American farmer sells almost everything he produces, excepting wheat, in his home market, which he does not pay any toll to enter; in the second place, almost everything he requires on his farm or his household, being manufactured in the United States, is free of duty and can be purchased at lower prices than the Canadian farmer pays, though possibly not as cheaply as he could were the United States to adopt free trade. However, he has two conditions in his favor that the Canadian farmer does not possess. Let us assume that a Canadian farmer takes a load of produce to market in Woodstock, Toronto, or London. He gets the following prices:

100 pounds wool at 16 cents per pound	$16 00
100 bushels barley at 45 cents	45 00
20 dozen eggs at 12 cents	2 40
Total for Canadian load	$63 40

"He then goes out to purchase necessaries, for which he pays as below:

50 gallons American coal oil at 20 cents	$10 00
20 gallons syrup at 40 cents	8 00
200 pounds wire nails at 3 cents	6 00
800 pounds barb wire fencing at 4 cents	32 00
10½ gallons boiled linseed oil at 70 cents	7 35
Total	$63 35

"It will be seen that the Canadian has five cents left. An American farmer goes into Buffalo or Detroit with the same kind of a load as that sold by the Canadian. He gets the following prices:

100 pounds wool at 34 cents	$34 00
100 bushels barley at 80 cents	80 00
20 dozen eggs at 16½ cents	3 30
Total for American load	$117 30

"He purchases the same class and the same quantities of goods as the Canadian bought, but pays the following prices:

50 gallons coal oil at 7 cents	$3 50
20 gallons good syrup at 25 cents	5 00
200 pounds wire nails at $1.80 per 100	3 60
800 pounds barb wire fencing at 2½ cents	20 00
10½ gallons boiled linseed oil at 44 cents	4 62
Total	$36 72

"We now see that the American sold his goods for $53.90 more than the Canadian

got and bought what he needed for $26.63 less. Adding his gain by selling higher and his saving by buying lower, we find his load of produce to be worth $80.53 more than the Canadian farmer's load. This list could be added to almost indefinitely. It is not too much to say that an American farmer is worth from $500 to $1,000 a year more than the Canadian. Commercial union will place them both on the same plane."

Commercial union without a union of governments the United States may not be willing to grant; political consolidation is probably favored by an overwhelming majority of American citizens. But as the New York *Sun* justly observes, "we recognize that an application for admission to the Union must be the spontaneous outcome of the wishes and convictions of a majority of the Canadian people, and that the expression of anything more than good will on our part would only retard the operation of the powerful social and economical forces which are drawing together the two sections of the Anglo Saxon race upon this continent.

"The ground on which before the war of the rebellion a section of our fellow citizens would have viewed with apprehension the entrance of the British North American provinces into the Union has disappeared with the institution of slavery, by which the misgiving was inspired. When we recall the vigilance and energy with which Southern statesmen strove to maintain at least a balance between the free States and the slave States, we do not wonder at the eagerness with which they stifled tendencies that seemed to threaten the addition of half a dozen new States to the free State column. They exercised a good deal of political power in Washington at the time when the partial reciprocity treaty between the United States and Canada was negotiated, and it is now no secret how their support of the measure was secured. They were confidentially assured by the British minister that in the then existing financial and industrial condition of the Canadians nothing could prevent a general and vehement demand on their part for annexation except the concession of a free market for their natural products on this side of the border. Now that slavery has passed away, our Southern brethren not only have no reason to oppose the admission of Canada into the Union, but, on the contrary, the strongest possible motive for desiring it, because it would signally augment the preponderance of the white element in the American population.

"When Canadians are ready to join our confederation, they can count upon receiving a hearty greeting."

THE SUPREMACY OF ENGLISH.

THE "unfortunate arrangement of the Tower of Babel," whereby men give utterance to their thoughts in a thousand different and mutually unintelligible dialects, is an obstacle to the world's progress that may some day be swept away. But at present the establishment of an international language cannot be said to have passed beyond the stage of preliminary discussion.

In the November *Cosmopolitan* Maltus Questell Holyoke reviews the prospects and the practicability of the efforts that have been made to give the world a common tongue. As he points out, there are three possible ways of accomplishing it—the revival of a dead language, the utilization of a living language, and the invention of a new language. The first of these, which would mean the restoration of Latin to the place it long held as the tongue of all scholars, may be dismissed as the least desirable. The last has been several times attempted, but never with any degree of success, with the possible exception of Herr Schleyer's "Volapük." This, according to Mr. Holyoke, "was first published in 1880. There are now about one thousand teachers of it, and over two hundred societies for its extension. Complete introductions to it have been published in every European language, including Turkish and Hungarian. Its grammar has been published in twenty one languages, and the last edition of its dictionary contains over twenty thousand words. There are also two, if not more, reviews published in it. It is considered to fulfill in a remarkable degree the requirements of a universal language, and it is claimed that it numbers several hundred thousand adherents."

But alas, there are several hundred millions who are not its adherents. Compared to the whole population of the globe its disciples are so few that there is much practical truth in the comic paper's witticism:

Little Girl—"Papa, what is Volapük?"

Papa—"The universal language, my child."

Little Girl—"And who speaks it?"

Papa—"Nobody."

Why should a German or a Frenchman learn Volapük, which will introduce him

to a constituency of "several hundred thousands," when he can learn English, and exchange ideas with a hundred millions of English speakers? English, as Mr. Holyoke points out, is already "the prevailing language of more than one fifth of the world, and it is diffusing itself fast among the 260,000,000 people that constitute the British empire in the East. It is listened to as a voice of authority in Egypt, and is even taught in the public schools of Japan. English has a great literature, and quite one half of the world's newspaper press is already printed in it. Its power of diffusion is incontestable and irresistible."

It is quite probable, indeed, that the problem of a cosmopolitan language is gradually solving itself by the spread of the English tongue. It is certain that such a consummation is to be desired and welcomed as a mighty factor in destroying national prejudices and animosities and in "promoting the brotherhood of nations and accelerating the arrival of the golden time when the world will be as one country."

"THE CLOWN OF LITERATURE."

THERE is a growing antipathy among the reading public to the dialect story. With the multiplication of books and newspapers and magazines, reading must be done nowadays with great rapidity if the reader wants to keep up with the times. Literature in dialect cannot be read rapidly, and hence where a man must choose from two books, one only of which he has time for, it is the book with the distorted spelling and the multitudinous apostrophes that will be cast aside. It seems inevitable that the dialect story must soon come to be classed among rare and curious volumes, to be purchased only by antiquarians or bibliophiles.

"The world wants ideas, not words or the distortion of words," says Joaquin Miller in the San Francisco *Call*. With this well directed blow Mr. Miller strikes at dialect that is a reflex of real speech, and then proceeds to make war on those who create a dialect where one does not exist.

"As a Western man not without observation," he continues, "I repeat that there is no dialect in the West, there never was any dialect in the West, and we don't propose having any so called Western dialect foisted upon us as a product of our people. Let it be repeated, we began here with a preponderance of cultivated men. We have kept pace with the culture of the age. There perhaps never was a time since '49 that California did not have more newspapers and magazines to her population, two to one, than any other State in the Union. And as we did not teach dialect in our schools, and as you search through the newspapers in vain for it, why it is pretty clear that you have to go outside of California to find that once very popular form of speech, California dialect, which some authors put into our mouths.

"For my part, I have published five plays and more than twenty books during the last quarter of a century, and everything Western, except two or three books on Italy. And dialect I did not use at all, because dialect I did not find. And few writers know the West as I know it. True, you hear distortions of speech in actors' mouths when playing 'The Danites,' and so on, oftentimes, for these things nearly always create a laugh. And the writer of plays who has found an actor able to resist the temptations to 'get a laugh on that,' I do not know. So much for the facts about our dialect out here. It is either manufactured to order or borrowed from Dickens and like authors.

"Now we can well understand how there is a dialect form of speech in the untraveled mountains of Tennessee and other border States toward the south; and Miss Murfree has a perfect right to use it if she likes. So has that other bright girl of the mountains, Will Dromgoole. For the illiterate people came there with it from the mountains of the Carolinas generations back; and then the blacks helped to perpetuate it. So it has a solid form and consistency. But when a writer sits down in New York or London to write books about the West and puts distorted and impossible words into the mouths of distorted and impossible people, why the West feels like stating the facts to the world and letting the light into the literary balloon."

Mr. Miller then proceeds to give advice to young authors in this wise: "Don't write in dialect of any sort; not even the Creole, which is very pretty indeed and is dignified by long use and a certain sort of literature. For who can afford to go digging through obsolete words for an occasional idea? I say an occasional idea advisedly. For in reading through dialect stories I have found the ideas even more rare, indeed far more rare, than in books that are written in plain and simple Saxon.

"Mind you, I make no war on Cable of Louisiana or Harris of Georgia. I have

lived in both their States and know, as their millions of readers know, that there is a solid and enduring dialect there, and that the speeches which they put in the mouths of their characters are as real as their characters are real. And if they choose to walk down to posterity with dialect books multitudinous, let them go and take their chances for renown in an unreadable language. They are at least honest and truthful. But it seems to me that a man must have a tremendous amount of faith in his genius if he thinks the world will turn back to read him in dialect ten years after he is dead.

"But as said before, I am concerning myself entirely with the West in trying to give some fair direction to the bent of young authors' minds and in proclaiming again and again that we have no real dialect in the great West, never had any, and don't have any use for anything of the sort. The schoolhouses stand too thick on the ground.

"Dialect is the clown of literature. We must leave the clown to the circus. And we must leave the circus to the children."

THE FOOTBALL CRAZE.

AMID all the changes in character and habits that have come to us as a people the muscularity of the old English stock still asserts itself. No nation descended from the French, the Spanish, the Italian, or the German race would ever take delight in such a vigorous outdoor pastime as football. A certain grim stubbornness must be in the blood to make such a wild, rushing, and perilous game enjoyable either to participant or onlooker. And the fact that such a game is today the fashion and the fad of the cultured and the refined is most significant.

It is not an exaggeration when the Springfield *Republican* says that "intercollegiate football now holds a position in athletics that is unparalleled in the history of modern amateur sport. Sedate men of middle age in all the principal cities of the East are today reading every scrap of football gossip to be found in the newspapers with an interest as lively and acute as that of their fifteen year old sons. They know all about the game, its history and the records of the luminous stars among the players of bygone days. They discuss on the cars, at their offices, and in their homes the merits and demerits of the players of the great teams of the season with a seriousness that was not surpassed in their ante election conversations concerning the probable results of the great Presidential contest. Finally, all these people, old and young, conspicuous and obscure, rich and poor, fair lady and fine gentleman, will exult over or bemoan the victory or defeat of their favorites no less than when the outcome of the battle of the ballots became known.

"It is not surprising that there should be great popular interest in these games between leading universities. The fascination that attends all contests of a physical sort is in this instance enhanced by the hand to hand encounter which prevails in football and which gratifies the innate animalism of human beings. Being refined sufficiently to eliminate any suggestion of brutality, the sport now appeals to those whose refinement is not outraged by any wanton exhibition of rough play. All can enjoy the chastened display of those individual qualities of speed, agility, strength, endurance, and 'sand' which have won the applause of mankind since the dawn of history; have made colossal figures of the athletes and warriors of antiquity, and have in modern times given to low, coarse pugilists the attributes of popular heroes. A portion of the great body of spectators, moreover, can see and enjoy the hidden and less apparent exhibition of brain power and mental cleverness for which this game in its present state of development is remarkable. To them it is less an exhibition of brute force and individual prowess, such as characterized the warfare of ancient days, and more the scientific maneuvering and martial finesse of the military tactician of the nineteenth century.

"Von Moltke's first principle of war was always to have at a critical point a stronger force than the enemy had. Such is the sum and substance of scientific football. This suggestion of the parallel between football and war is in itself sufficient to explain the popular attractiveness of the game."

VANDALISM IN THE WEST.

MR. THOMAS HATCH, who has made a study of the California forests, has called national attention to the destruction of the great redwoods of that section. He says that in the Meeker forests he saw redwoods measuring from forty to sixty feet in circumference that had been burned down out of sheer wantonness. In the case of many of these trees no effort had been made to utilize their trunks for any purpose whatever.

"When Mr. Hatch remonstrated with the

woodmen who had slain these monarchs," says the New York *Sun*, "they smiled in his face; told of the price per acre they had paid for the land, and showed their books to prove the great profit they had made. 'It was useless,' he says, 'to plead with minds like these to spare the few and lonely giants left standing.' Concerning the claim that these great trees exhaust the soil, Mr. Hatch says that so far from being exhausted he had found by experiment that the soil beneath them was as rich for corn or wheat as any bottom land he had ever seen.

"It is shameful that these magnificent relics of our country's primeval grandeur cannot be protected, and that soulless speculators should be permitted to supplant a sequoia grove with a shingle mill, build a bottling establishment in Manitou's Garden of the Gods, and relentlessly slaughter the last bison that pastures at large. Posterity should have as an inheritance other elements than packing establishments, grain elevators, saw mills, Chicagos, and a vast continent with every foot of land utilized and 'reclaimed' on a materialistic dollar producing basis."

BEE CULTURE.

NOTHING in the whole range of profitable industries is more fascinating than honey making. The bee is one of the most remarkable of nature's animate creations. Tiny insect as it is, it is gifted with such intelligence as to astound the student of its endowments. Its habits and methods of labor, its domestic economies, the rule and order of its government, and the delicious results of its activities, all conspire to make it a marvel in natural history. We are glad that its cultivation is at last receiving in this country the popular attention that it deserves.

According to the New York *Tribune*, the convention of the bee keepers of the United States, which is to meet at Washington in December, will be a gathering of much importance. "Last year," that journal reports, "the value of the honey produced in the United States was nearly $15,000,000, while the value of the wax was $1,500,000. Four counties in one State produced 4,000,000 pounds of honey. The business is yet in its infancy, and one of the objects of the convention is to take measures to expand it. Among other things, the bee keepers want the government to prohibit the sale of bogus liquid honey, made largely out of glucose. Secretary Rusk is much interested in the business, and is said to be in favor of appropriating money to instruct farmers in scientific bee culture.

"Many women have been successful in bee culture. Last summer a Texas woman reared and sold 2,000 queen bees. Queens that are "tested," that is, whose progeny will be a pure breed, are worth from $2 to $5 each. Untested queens bring only $1 apiece, or even less. Bees were formerly unmailable, but this restriction has been removed by the postal authorities of the United States and most European countries.

"There have been many inventions of late in connection with bee culture. The Germans invented what is called the 'comb foundation,' which is sheet wax, one sixteenth of an inch thick, and stamped on both sides with small raised hexagons, on which the bees erect their cells. This obviously saves the bees both labor and honey, as wax is relatively a costly product with them, and they are so economical with it that they can make from 35,000 to 50,000 cells out of a single pound, in which they can store about twenty pounds of honey. The Germans used to stamp these sheets by hand, but an American has invented a machine to do this work, and there are about a dozen large firms in this country which manufacture the foundation. One of these, in Illinois, last year turned out 80,000 pounds of foundation. The honeycomb itself has never been artificially reproduced, though for years there has been a standing offer of $1,000 for such an invention.

"Another American invention facilitates the breeding of queen bees. When a cell containing an unhatched queen is put in a new hive that has no queen, the bees would at once sting her to death; for they would not know that they were without a queen, and they will not have two queens. To obviate this, the queen cell is inclosed in a 'protector,' which is simply a special coil of wire. This saves the life of the young queen until she is old enough to come out, by which time the bees have discovered that they have no other queen, and gladly recognize her as such.

"As every one knows the Italian bees are the most popular in this country, being good tempered, industrious workers, and prolific breeders. Though bees were not native to America, it is the foremost country in the development of apiculture. The bee keepers want to make a great exhibit at the World's Fair, but they claim that the restrictions laid on them by the

lack of needed facilities will make this impossible."

MILLIONS FOR PENSIONS.

GRATITUDE to the veterans who thirty years ago saved the integrity of the Union is a sentiment of great strength in this country, and has been so ever since the war. It was with a lively sense of gratitude that Congress, during the struggle and upon its conclusion, made arrangements to extend financial relief to all those who were disabled during military service, and to the widows and orphans of those who had perished. General Grant expressed the opinion that $30,000,000 a year should be devoted to these purposes in order properly to meet all proper claims. General Garfield thought that as much as $35,000,000 might be needed.

The action of Congress coincided with the judgment of these distinguished soldiers. Laws were passed which in 1871 brought the payments for pensions up to $34,443,895. It was then supposed that they had reached a maximum. There were 240,000 names on the rolls, a number that was gradually reduced to 224,000 in 1878, the payments correspondingly declining to $27,137,019. But at this point a new chapter in pension legislation was opened. Politicians began to scent the possibilities of the "soldier vote," and sought to propitiate it by successive and rapid extensions of the pension system.

"Neither political party," says the independent Philadelphia *Record*, "had the courage to oppose the movement. The Arrears bill was passed. The business of hunting up claimants and prosecuting claims became an organized and profitable industry. The Disability bill followed, and hundreds of private pension bills which could not stand the scrutiny of the Pension Office were rushed through Congress. The House has a record of passing 113 private pension bills in ninety minutes, and the Senate 130 in fifty minutes. At this rate of procedure the number of pensioners was soon increased fourfold, and there was a dizzy advance in the amount of disbursements from $27,137,019 in 1878 to $118,548,959 in 1891. The estimated amount required to pay the pensions for the current fiscal year is $186,000,000!"

But even this is not the limit. Still greater—far greater—expenditures are already in sight. The pension bureau is adding to the rolls something like a thousand names for every working day. It is practically certain that by the end of next year we shall be paying an annual sum nearer $250,000,000 than $200,000,000. The secretary of the treasury himself stated, only a few days ago, that "the pension expenditures will shortly reach $250,000,000." We have for years been talking with commiseration of the army ridden nations of Europe, and dwelling on the frightful burden their costly military establishments impose on the industry of their peoples, and lo, we wake up to find ourselves paying in pensions twice as much as is spent upon any army in the world!

It is no wonder that new modes of raising revenue are being discussed as possible necessities of the near future. "There are many legislators," says the Washington correspondent of the New York *Herald*, "who firmly believe that an income tax will be needed to meet the expenses of the government, and that it is the only way whereby the intelligent voters can be made to realize many of the iniquities of the pension rolls as they now stand."

The country's gratitude to the men who preserved the Union is, as has been said, a sentiment of tremendous strength. If it could feel sure that $250,000,000 annually was actually required to relieve *bona fide* distress among the veterans of the war, the huge sum would be paid without a murmur. But the most unfortunate feature of the situation is that it has no such assurance. On the contrary, it is a notorious fact that a great number of the men who draw a government bounty have no just right to it. Almost everybody knows, in his personal experience, of pensioners who either do not need or do not deserve the public money they receive. There is only too much truth in the assertion of a correspondent of the New York *Evening Post*, that "a very large proportion of the new claims allowed in the last fifteen years—claims aggregating many millions of dollars—are either lacking in merit or wholly fraudulent," and many of the sincerest friends of the veterans will echo his suggestion that the lists should be revised by judicial commissions.

THE NATIONAL LIBRARY.

THE Congressional Library at Washington is far from the least interesting and important of our governmental institutions. President Jefferson, under whom its existence began, suggested that it should be called the Library of the United States, and the title would have been an appropriate one. But though its origin dates back to the first year of the century, it was

not until seventy years later that it began to assume a magnitude worthy of its position as the national collection. In 1814 the library, then very small, was destroyed on the burning of the Capitol by the British. The purchase of ex-President Jefferson's library furnished the nucleus of a new collection, which had grown slowly to 55,000 volumes in 1851, when a fire in the library rooms consumed more than three fifths of the books. Congress at once voted $75,000 to replenish the collection, which in 1867 was augmented by the acquisition of the historical library of Peter Force and by the removal to the Capitol of the scientific and miscellaneous library of the Smithsonian Institution. By these additions the collection was expanded to 165,000 volumes. Next, in the year 1870, came the enactment by which all deposits of copies of books and other publications in evidence of copyright were to be made in Washington—a measure which assured to the Congressional Library the whole prospective output of the American press so far as it should be protected by copyright.

These facts are gathered from an article by the librarian, Mr. Ainsworth Spofford,* in the November *Forum*. To an outline of the history of the institution over which he presides Mr. Spofford adds an account of some of its treasures, a forecast of its future growth, and a plea for more liberal support.

Its new building will afford it magnificently spacious quarters. "When it is considered that the largest existing public library, that of the French government at Paris, contains as yet but 2,300,000 volumes, and that ample space exists in the edifice now rising on Capitol Hill for storing more than twice that number, it will be perceived that the wants of the future are well cared for. While nearly every government edifice appears to have been built only for a generation and its uses have long overgrown its limits, this one, through the farsighted liberality of Congress, will provide room for the nation's books for nearly two centuries to come. The ultimate cost is limited to six millions of dollars, a sum somewhat less than half the cost of the Capitol or of the large building erected for the accommodation of the state, war, and navy departments. The library building covers very nearly the same space as each of these government buildings (about three acres), and is constructed of solid granite, with iron, brick, and marble interior. Its ample interior courts and numerous windows will render it the best lighted and best ventilated library of large proportions yet erected."

But there is need of a more liberal supply of funds for the purchase of books that the copyright laws do not secure for the library. "The appropriation of about $11,000 a year for this purpose," says Mr. Spofford, "nearly $3,000 of which is required to keep up the continued serial publications which must be taken, seems ridiculously small when compared with the $60,000 annually devoted to the increase of the British Museum Library, or even with the sums expended by public libraries in some of our large cities. A want of room for increase, heretofore pleaded as an obstacle to more liberal appropriations, will shortly cease to stand in the way."

THE WEST IN LITERATURE.

JOAQUIN MILLER'S praises of Western achievement in creative art, quoted in this department last month, are in curious contrast with the gloomy view of "The West in Literature" given in the November *Arena* by Hamlin Garland—himself, we believe, a Westerner. Mr. Garland declares that the great region beyond the Alleghanies is as provincial in art as it is assertive of Americanism in politics. He finds in it a neglect of local color, a lack of the study of environment, a dull uniformity, a machine made subservience to classical models.

The cause of this intellectual defect he traces to a mistaken system of education. He declares that schools and colleges, instead of educating—which in its strict sense means "drawing out"—the distinctive individuality of the student, sternly repress that individuality. "Thus the Western youth is turned away from the very material which he could best handle, which he knows most about, and which he really loves most—material which would make him individual, and fill him with hope and energy. He turns away from the marvelous changes which border life subtends in its mighty rush toward civilization. He does not see the wealth of material which lies at his hand, in the mixture of races going on with inconceivable celerity everywhere in America, but with

* Ainsworth R. Spofford has been Librarian of Congress throughout the period of the great development of the national literary collection. His efficient administration of his duties has won him a wide reputation, while he is also a litterateur of accomplishment and a member of many learned societies. He was born in 1825, was appointed assistant librarian in 1861, and three years later promoted to his present post, which he has held continuously since.

especial picturesqueness in the West. If he sees it he has not the courage to write of it."

Mr. Garland's picture is a somber one. "It is altogether too somber," protests the Pittsburgh *Chronicle Telegraph*. "It but meagerly recognizes the splendid achievements of Joaquin Miller, Bret Harte, Edward Eggleston, Joseph Kirkland, Octave Thanet and a host of others. The mighty West, with its swarming millions, its mixture of races, and its vast panorama of progressive change, is not nearly so uninfluential on artistic or literary expression as Mr. Garland would have us believe. The chief use of his article should be that it recalls the attention of the large cultivated middle class to its duty in awarding recognition to all who honestly labor toward the creation of an art and a literature that is strictly a portraiture and reflex of the magnificent physical, political, and ethnical conditions throughout the West. Recognize, encourage, and reward 'home talent'; it is an obvious duty, as it should be the pleasure of every patron worthy that name."

This last sentence has a suspicious ring of literary sectionalism, a tendency likely to do much more harm than good to the object of its fostering. But a proper degree of self confidence, and a just pride in its creditable achievement in the field of letters, are the West's rightful possessions.

THANKSGIVING OLD AND NEW.

THE Thanksgiving of our forefathers was primarily, if not wholly, a religious observance; and the change that has come over its celebration is sometimes mournfully deprecated by the few who regard its secularization as a sacrilege. And yet it is a fact, as the Philadelphia *Times* points out, that "even in the Puritanic records of the season more mention is made of the feasting than of the prayer—presumably because the latter may have been supposed to be always with them."

It is safe to say that the New York *World* voices an overwhelming public sentiment when it rejoices in the modern development of the old Puritan festival. "The local," it observes, "has become universal, and what once was a sectional custom is today a festival of national observance. As a religious expression it no longer exists, but as a popular holiday—as a symbol of home and of the loves, the joys, the memories that cluster around the hearthstone—it not only retains but tightens its hold on the regard and affections of the people.

"It is a day for memory, for meetings after long partings, for clasping of hands in happiest reunion. It is a day for sports and games and children's glee, for laughter and rejoicing, for tables loaded with plenty, for liveliest music and the merry movement of dancing feet.

"Thanksgiving is the people's day, the day which stands for home and happiness, for gratitude and benevolence, for plenty and peace. The old Puritans builded better than they knew. Their grim and solemn ceremonial has become a feast and festival of gladness."

This hard working nation has made up its mind that its greatest need on the last Thursday in November is a day of rest and recreation. It was a recognition of the tendency of the times that led one of the best known clergymen in New York—Dr. John R. Paxton—to announce, a couple of weeks ago, that he would hold no services on Thanksgiving Day. "Why," he said with unanswerable logic, "should we oppose the inevitable in such matters? Exhibition athletics on holidays have become an institution like the Sunday newspapers, and rapid transit on Sundays. It is only the Bourbons who, sit back and growl at such things. If I held services there would not be more than 150 persons to attend them, and some of them would leave before the services were over to go to the Yale-Princeton game. Most of the men in my congregation are Harvard, Yale, or Princeton alumni. If they do not go out of town they will go to the game. There is no profit in refusing to recognize a condition."

Another prominent metropolitan clergyman—Dr. Robert S. Macarthur—"recognizes conditions" by holding service half an hour earlier than usual to accommodate the athletic tastes of his "young people." Yet another, who is, curiously enough, a young man, a Yale alumnus, and an ex member of the New Haven college's "nine," rises to protest, according to the New York *Sun*, with the inquiry, "How long must this city allow, without protest, two Christian colleges to rob Thanksgiving Day of all its religious significance? If the worship of God is to be made to dance attendance on twenty two boys engaged in kicking a pig skin, we are indeed confronted with a condition which requires earnest consideration."

The football question is, however, of but local importance. As to the general charac-

ter of Thanksgiving observances, the logic of the situation is decidedly with those who accept the secularization of the holiday as an accomplished fact. Respecters of historical tradition can at least comfort themselves with the thought that it has not lost its time honored aspect as a day of family gatherings and home rejoicings. As Whittier, the spokesman of New England life and legend, sings in homely but happy verse:

Ah! on Thanksgiving Day, when from East and from West,
From North and from South come the pilgrim and guest,
When the gray haired New Englander sees round his board
The old broken links of affection restored;
When the care wearied man seeks his mother once more,
And the worn matron smiled where the girl smiled before,
What moistens the lip, and what brightens the eye,
What calls back the past like the rich pumpkin pie?

WHAT HOLIDAYS REALLY ARE.

AT this season of the year, when so much of our thought is perforce concentrated on the approaching holidays, it will be timely to consider in just what way a holiday is enjoyable. Is it not because of its contrasting qualities with our everyday experiences? In other words, if every day were a day without duties we should have no holidays. Rest is a reaction; and there cannot be reaction without action. It is work that makes rest possible, and hence, logically, we should set as high a value on work as on recreation, for without the one we could not possess the other.

This view of work is brought out and emphasized by a contributor to the *Sunday School Times*, who asserts that "the daily task is one of the greatest blessings of life. One of the advantages of its regular performance is that it gives zest to our recreations and diversions. It makes the holiday or the vacation a real boon, and enables the worker to enter into its best uses and to reap its best rewards. What enjoyment of a holiday does the man ever know who can never tell on any morning what he is to do that day? There can be no enjoyment of vacation to one whose whole life is vacation.

"People who do not work do not know what rest is. Those who have no regular employment find their leisure a burden, and their life is full of *ennui* and restlessness. A daily task is a sure preventive of such a result. It is, in great part, the divine ordinance of six-days' work which makes the day of rest so great a blessing to man."

A TREMENDOUS ISSUE.

AT the time this magazine reaches the reader, the trial of Dr. Briggs before the New York Presbytery will be under way. What the outcome will be it is neither our province nor our wish to predict. But in that outcome all Christians, of whatever denomination, are intensely interested.

So much has been said on the subject of Dr. Briggs's alleged heresy that even those who do not ordinarily concern themselves with matters theological are ready to express an opinion on one side or the other. The newspapers, too, have not hesitated to put themselves on record in the matter. Here, for instance, is the New York *Sun* boldly asserting on the 10th of November that Dr. Briggs's "ultimate conviction of the highest crime known to the ecclesiastical law seems to be inevitable."

Its reasons for arriving at this conclusion are given in the course of a brief review of the case, which presents all the issues so clearly that it is well worth preservation in the literature of a debate that will form not an inconspicuous chapter of the religious history of the era.

This resumé starts with the mention of Dr. Briggs's inaugural address delivered some two years ago when he took his seat as professor of biblical theology at Union Seminary. In it "he pursued a method of Biblical criticism which had been familiar to theologians for many years, and which for many years he himself had adopted in his teaching at that Presbyterian school of divinity. It is, in brief, the method of criticism which is now applied to ancient literature generally, but its use in the examination of the Scriptures involves necessarily the obliteration of the old distinction made by religious faith between inspired and uninspired authority. It looks at the Bible as the literary production of fallible men, and not as the infallible word of God. It goes to the book in a judicial spirit rather than in a spirit of reverential faith.

"This attitude of contemporary theologians toward the Scriptures was so familiar to Dr. Briggs and to all clergymen who had even a cursory knowledge of their conclusions that probably he was surprised at the commotion raised by his now famous inaugural address. His effort was to construct a theory which would save revelation, though it discarded inspiration.

"The Bible, he said in substance, is fallible because of the fallibility of the mortal

men who were the authors of its books, but it embodies the kernel of religious truth. In form it may be faulty, for it is a human production, but its concept, to use his own term, is perfect and absolutely truthful. That is, the process by which the result is reached is human and criticisable, but the result itself is divine. Such is the reasoning of Dr. Briggs.

"So subtle a distinction, however, is outside of the popular comprehension. If the Bible is not true altogether, it is not true at all, according to the popular understanding. If it is the word of man, it is not the word of God, the people say. If Moses and Daniel knew no more of the ways of Heaven than Dr. Briggs knows, nobody knows anything about the subject, they answer. The mystery of life and death is unexplained. Unless the chart comes from above, men must sail without a pilot to such a port as chance and fate direct them. If there is not a supernatural foundation for religious truth, it has no basis at all. Only God can tell men of His ways and intentions. It is impossible for men to find them out by their own reasoning.

"Hence Dr. Briggs's attempt to reconcile infidelity with faith was a disastrous failure. He had no method of escape from the dilemma into which his logic precipitated him, except to adopt the Roman Catholic doctrine that the Church alone is the repository of divine truth, and that the Bible derives its authority from the Church, instead of the Church getting its authority from the Bible. He went so far as to give coordinate authority to revelation, to the reason, and the Church, but thereby he only accentuated his heresy to Protestantism, the fundamental Protestant doctrine being that the sole fountain of authority is the Bible, and that the Church is only worthy of reverence so far as it is molded by Biblical teaching and expresses it. Of the flagrant heresy of Dr. Briggs to Protestantism there can, therefore, be no question. The Presbyterian Church must give up its whole case if it tolerates his doctrine."

It is at this point that the *Sun* enunciates the opinion already quoted, and then sums up Dr. Briggs's position in these words:

"Whether he will take his place in the ranks along with Huxley and Ingersoll or in the host which follows the lead of the Pope, is a doubtful matter. Logically, he must go to the one side or the other."

Nevertheless, in spite of the *Sun's* prognostication, we hardly expect to see Dr. Briggs emerge from the trial either a free thinker or a Romanist.

HOW TO BE HAPPY.

THE pursuit of pleasure occupies a very large share of the time of man. Of some men, indeed, it is the chief if not the only aim in life, and their chase after it is as tireless and sometimes almost as arduous as is that in which their fellows engage after gold or fame or power. And yet pleasure sought is very rarely pleasure found, nor is its pursuit attended with that exhilarating excitement which waits on the quest of that which we can only gain by toil.

It may be trite to remind the reader that the very rich, with the means at their command to gratify every wish, are by no means the happiest of mortals, but it is a fact that bears directly on the subject in hand. It is not money from which the truest pleasure can be derived. Whence, then, does man obtain his happiness, and how can he have any assurance of a sufficiency of joy to make life worth living?

These questions are answered by an editorial writer in the Philadelphia *Ledger*, who divides pleasure into two classes: "that which we consciously desire and deliberately seek, and that which comes to us unawares." Of the first class he disposes summarily, showing that the pleasures it includes are necessarily limited in number and so often shadowed by remorse, or dulled by too high anticipation, that they are far from being satisfying.

"The case is quite different, however," he continues, "with those pleasures which come to us unsought. So numerous are they that they can never be counted, so rich and full that they can never be measured. Many of them are enjoyed unconsciously, and only appreciated when lost. Such are the pleasures of health and vigor, of the fresh air and sunshine, of the free use of our limbs and our faculties.

"All power, actively put forth, gives pleasure, and thus our occupations are among its most faithful sources. Work and pleasure are frequently considered antagonists, when, in fact, they are close friends. The pleasure of work well and faithfully performed is both strong and constant, and none the less so that we seldom recognize or think of it. Emerson says, 'A man is relieved and gay when he has put his heart into his work and done his best,' and if we need any further confirmation we have but to look at the dreary and melancholy condition of the man who

in this fair earth and with all its opportunities, finds nothing to do.

"Then there are the pleasures of affection, and of social intercourse. The purest and best of these come to us without being sought. The truly happy man, in his relations with his family, his friends, and his fellow citizens, is he who is thinking very little of his own personal enjoyment and very much of their well being."

In this connection let each reader trace back in his mind through a few weeks of his own experience, and note how many of the pleasures to be found therein owe their very existence to the surprise which accompanied the realization that homely duties were mysteriously transformed in the doing into actual joys.

If he be one to whom love's young dream has recently come, he will say amen with all his heart to the writer's assertion that "it is not the love that craves, but the love that gives freely, generously, asking for nothing again, which reflects back upon the giver in gladness of heart. For love can never be forced—it comes not to him who demands it; nor does gratitude descend upon him who exacts it, nor are any of the blessings of social intercourse poured upon him who jealously claims them.

"There is another pleasure which comes without seeking—that which attends loyalty to the truth and faithfulness to the right. Whoever values these above all other things, and will readily sacrifice for their sakes whatever desire or delight conflicts with them, experiences a joy with which no other can be compared. Yet had he known that such happiness would follow such sacrifice, and had he done the self same things from that motive, all the hoped for pleasure would have vanished.

"Let any one who knows that happiness is to be found in benevolence, in self denial, in obeying the voice of conscience, in resisting temptation, proceed to endeavor to live such a life for the express purpose of experiencing that happiness, and his failure is assured. But let him forget himself, and dismiss all thoughts of his own joy or sorrow from his mind; let him become absorbed in the truth he espouses, and in love with the life of righteousness, and lo! pleasure of which he had never dreamed comes to him in a full and perpetual stream."

A PLEA FOR SENTIMENT.

THIS is the age of repression. A man hesitates to become enthusiastic over anything, fearful lest he may be accused of childishness. His soul is still as capable of being deeply moved as were the souls of his forefathers, but he early drills his mind to such a mastery over the emotions that the latter may at all times be held in check. No less famous a personage than Miss Florence Nightingale, the ministering angel to the wounded in the Crimean War, has noted the unhappiness this suppression of the feelings causes in certain quarters, and has entered upon a new mission in the endeavor to alleviate it.

But Miss Nightingale has not made the mistake of some reformers and set out about righting the universe generally. She has selected one class for her ministrations. She is seeking to deliver English wives from the coldness of English husbands. And the model she sets up for the latter is the Irish husband!

"Irishmen," says Miss Nightingale, "are more sympathetic, more true to their wives, and, in my opinion, we should hear less of unloved and unlovely marriages if Englishmen showed more sympathy and interest in their wives. . . Those little attentions, those little words of love, are not lacking in an Irishman which are so dear to every woman's heart, and more particularly so when she is tired and harassed with household cares; and these words, so often withheld, would soften a wife's monotonous duties, and help to make English homes ideal homes."

In commenting on this utterance, an editorial writer in the Boston *Herald* makes the following felicitous reflections: "It makes a world of difference who says a thing like this to the stolid British husband; whether a puling, sentimental woman, whose tears must be wiped away every ten minutes, or a heroine like Florence Nightingale. It were easy enough to reply to the first, 'Pooh! pooh! A man has other matters to attend to than that of eternally manipulating cambric handkerchiefs'; it is not so easy to retort in the same superior strain to a woman whose heroic courage won the admiration of all Europe.

"Florence Nightingale knows what wounds are. She dressed too many of them, aching and gangrening, in the hospitals, ever to speak lightly of them. Full well she appreciates also that there are cuts and thrusts burning and festering in many a wife's heart as painful to bear as any inflicted by sword or bayonet. The only possible balm that will draw the fire out of these and soothe, she knows this equally well."

This same writer then makes a plea for repeated expressions of affection, quoting Emerson's epigrammatic saying that "friendship craves actions, love craves expressions." A little observation among our married friends will convince us that England is not alone in needing a Florence Nightingale to stir up its husbands to a realizing sense of the fact that wives need more than protection, respect, honor, and pin money.

"To state explicitly at the outset to a wife that you love her, and then to think it superfluous to repeat the remark for the next ten years, is no way to make a woman happy. As well think a single enthusiastic expression over the sight of a sunset or a waterfall amply sufficient to define forever one's position as a lover of nature, and, consequently, that all subsequent sunsets, cascades, lakes, and mountain ranges must consider the matter definitely settled.

"Yet that is just the way with some husbands to some wives—notably, according to Miss Nightingale, of many an English husband to many an English wife—the whole of their conjugal exuberance summed up in an implied 'Madam, for a witness of my unchanging sentiments toward you, I beg leave respectfully to refer you to a solemn public utterance I made in 1870, in St. Pancras Church, and in the presence of the Reverend Samuel Chillingsworth and of a score of substantial witnesses.' And then the fellow wonders why he should ever come upon his wife weeping her eyes out on her pillow."

WOMAN'S INFLUENCE ON SOCIETY.

Is it true that woman is answerable for any deterioration in manners and morals that the age may manifest? It is a woman herself who asserts this to be the case. She is an English woman, and in expressing her opinion in *Blackwood's Magazine* she ascribes her sex's declension to the liberty that is now granted them in contrast with the seclusion in which they were kept in former time. "Then," she says, "we were too low to be responsible; too much in the hands of the sex we are still accustomed to call brutes, poor things!"

What does an observing society woman see as she looks about her at the present day? According to this transatlantic authority she sees that "society is depraved by nothing so much as the excessive luxury and extravagant freedoms of the ladies in it." She then proceeds to prove her assertion by the citation of the following example: "Is it true or not, that every woman has a look at command which confounds impudence in a moment, and turns the most confident advance into a hangdog retreat? Hasn't it that instantaneous effect, although the look is not even addressed to the offender, but seems intended as a lesson in rectitude to the lady's own nose? But what do I say? Isn't it very well known that the impudence of the veriest Lothario does not venture on the beginning of advance where there are signs that the look may be held in reserve? To all those questions you answer yes; and now I go on to say that it is just so with the minor offenses against social manners and morals. Of course it needn't be published from the housetops, but in nine cases out of ten these offenses are permitted, encouraged, or suppressed as women please."

The writer next recalls to our readers how in these times matrons will smile at dinner table scandals which, when she was a girl, "were only heard at tea tables ungraced by gentlemen, or in smoking rooms before ladies carried their cigarette cases into them."

And the direct cause of this laxness? Our authority has no hesitation in assigning it to the craze for woman's rights. "If I am not mistaken," she says, "we have in this determination of women to square shoulders with men the secret of the degradation of manners in good society. The men couldn't have done it, if they had tried, unless they had been enthusiastically backed by us. Men are, like ourselves, weak creatures, and they would have been ashamed not to meet our jolliness and chumminess with a handsome amount of reciprocation."

WOMAN'S STRENGTH AND WEAKNESS.

An interesting discussion was aroused last winter by a woman writer's assertion that her sex lacked the creative faculty. Woman has come to the front so prominently of late years in almost all branches of work that the proclamation of her deficiency in so important a mental endowment could not fail to evoke criticism. But Miss Seawell stuck to her colors through it all and retreated not before the instances of George Eliot, Georges Sand, nor even that of Sappho, which were promptly brought up against her. The London *Lancet* ranges itself on Miss Seawell's side with a reminder to the world of woman's poor showing in the field of music. "It might have been thought that if practice

gives perfection woman would have excelled her male counterpart, not only as an executant, but as a composer of music. But in instrumental performance she cannot for a moment compare with him, while as a composer she is nowhere. The repertoire of music, from the dawn of the art to the present day, owes simply nothing to her. Considering the time she has spent over it, her failure to evolve new harmonies, or even new melodies, is one of the most extraordinary enigmas in the history of the fine arts.

"Where, in ancient times or in modern, can woman, with all her practice, be found to have created one *chef d'œuvre* in music? The inference implied by the negative answer to such a question seems simply this: That in the higher efforts of mind—even in those where the admixture of an emotional element, as in music, might be supposed to give her the advantage—woman is inferior to her male counterpart, and cannot, by any educational forcing system, be made equal to him, deficient as she is in the physiological conditions of ideoplastic power."

The same story may be told in the matter of art, where female amateurs outnumber the male ten to one. Such a sporadic instance of a famous woman painter as that of Rosa Bonheur is only the exception which proves the rule.

But if woman falls behind man in these fields, where it would seem she had every opportunity to equal him, in other lines, and most unexpected ones, she has surpassed him. The New York *World* recently printed a collection of incidents under the heading, "The Heroism of Woman," which quality, it urges, is more heroic than that of man, because a woman must surmount greater obstacles in order to exhibit it. One of these concerns itself with Lady Dundonald, who was with her husband while he was in command of the Chilian fleet, at the time of Chili's war with Spain for her independence.

"The flagship was becalmed under a battery, whence it was assailed with red hot shot. In the face of that terrible fire the gunners retreated from their posts. Neither threats nor entreaties were of avail. If the fire were not returned the ship must inevitably be destroyed with all on board. Lord Dundonald went down to the cabin where his wife lay. 'If a woman sets the example,' he cried, 'the men will be shamed out of their fear. It is our only hope.'

"Without a word she rose and followed him. As she stepped on deck she seemed to be confronted by a flaming furnace of fire, belching out death and destruction. She calmly took a match and fired the gun, which Lord Dundonald pointed. The men were shamed. They returned to their posts. The enemy's battery was silenced, the ship and its crew were saved."

IS WOMAN HONEST?

THIS is a startling query, and yet it is one to the discussion of which the New York *World* gives liberal space. If a similar question were asked about man, the thoughtful answer would be an emphatic yes, and it would be accompanied by an expression of astonishment that any doubt on the subject should have entered the questioner's mind. The defaulters, the burglars, the petty thieves, and the swindlers constitute a very small percentage of the thirty odd millions of this country's male population. That man in the main—the American man—is honest in purpose and act, there can be no question. Being honest, then, must he not be the product of an honest mother? For from his mother he gets his moral bent—his fundamental ideas of right and wrong.

"In the matter of honesty, as in other moral matters," says the writer in the *World*, "woman is better than man until her reasoning powers fail her, and then she is worse. Man is dishonest in the broad and open way that leads to the penitentiary. Woman is dishonest in all the thousand and one minor matters which do not come in for such stern condemnation from the law or from Mrs. Grundy. Man is either black or white; woman is almost always just a little shady."

This is a sweeping assertion, and how a nation of "shady" mothers can produce a nation of men of whom even a proportion are "white" is a problem to which there is no logical answer.

The writer continues: "The highwaymen and the burglars are with the rarest exceptions men. Of course it may be urged that woman is physically and mentally unfitted for such heroic desperadoism. This is true. Yet it is also true that woman has a keener moral sense, here as elsewhere, within those limits where her mind can recognize the moral law. Outside of that area she is utterly without conscientious scruples.

"The most moral and exemplary Christian woman—a woman who would not steal a dollar that belonged to John Smith under any stress of temptation, will steal $100 out of Uncle Sam's pocket by some cunning

evasion of import duties. She will do this, not only without feeling any moral humiliation, but with an absolute moral exultation, if she is successful, as of one who has cleverly outwitted a knave. If unsuccessful she quarrels bitterly in giving up her smugglings, looking on the act of confiscation as a high handed bit of robbery. She will even smuggle articles and fabrics that are worthless for the sheer love of smuggling. She can never be made to understand that smuggling, like highway robbery, is a crime.

"It is a truism that women never pay their gambling debts, a truism which has been pointed out by so astute an authority as Barry Lyndon, in the autobiography written by Thackeray. 'The truth must be told,' says this *preux chevalier* of the gaming table, 'that the ladies love to play, certainly, but not to pay. The point of honor is not understood by the charming sex, and it was with the greatest difficulty, in our peregrinations to the various courts of Northern Europe, that we could keep them from the table, could get their money if they lost, or, if they paid, prevent them from using the most furious and extraordinary means of revenge.' And he submits a number of illustrative instances.

"Worse than this, women, nice women, good women—ladies, in short—invariably cheat at cards, so far as the limits of their intelligence will allow. But as those limits are not very extensive, they cheat in the most simple, open, and barefaced manner, trusting for success to the chivalry of the men whom they know full well they cannot hoodwink.

"But let us drop these details, these special cases in which women are dishonest," continues the writer, "and attack the question as a whole. Let us not depend upon mere *ipse dixits* but on actual and undisputed facts.

"A concrete instance that really is an instance—*i. e.*, an instance that is not a mere accident liable to happen either to the one sex or to the other, but an instance that is luminously characteristic of the mind and conscience of one sex and is grotesquely incongruous with the whole make up of man, mental as well as moral—such an instance is worth whole columns of assertion and invective. And such an instance, in full orbed completeness, is presented by the story of the marvelous swindle known as the Ladies' Deposit of Boston. The swindle itself was such a swindle as none but a woman could conceive and none but women could be swindled by. The conduct of its victims was such that had they been men they might have been adjudged fit candidates for an asylum on the score of unbalanced minds, while on the score of unbalanced consciences that asylum might almost have been the insane ward of a prison.

"It was a dozen years ago that the Ladies' Deposit attracted the hilarious attention of the civilized world. The years pass and the public forgets. Let us briefly refresh the public mind.

"In the year 1879 one Mrs. Sarah E. Howe set up a savings bank in Boston under the name of the Ladies' Deposit Company. Boston, it will be remembered, is the modern Athens. Boston women make frantic efforts to live up to the intellectual atmosphere that environs them. The Ladies' Deposit Company was established as a bank of women, by women, and for women. No male officer, official, or depositor was allowed to desecrate its feminine sanctity. No deposit over $1,000 or under $200 was to be taken. No guarantee was offered as to the responsibility or solvency of the institution. No explanation was made of its operations, of the nature of its investments, the source from which it derived the interest on its deposits. Yet that interest was 8 per cent a month, or 96 per cent a year.

"When the newspapers began to inquire into the matter, when they discovered and proved that Mrs. Howe was a notorious 'crook,' when they fortified damnatory evidence as to her character by opinions as to her methods from business men, and by the testimony of able financiers that two and two make four, have always made four, and never will make anything else than four—when the newspapers did this good work, were they cheered on and heartened by the women of Boston? Not a bit of it. They cried out that the male critics were only jealous at a female success in financiering which they could neither understand nor equal; they even urged that gallantry should have prevented such brutal attacks on a bank run by ladies for ladies. And so it went on until the inevitable crash came, landing Mrs. Howe in jail and depriving thousands of women of their hard earned savings."

The conduct of the women depositors to whom the writer refers in a manner so disparaging to the gentler sex has had a recent parallel in the insane blindness of men—members of the countless "mutual associations," "benefit orders," and so forth, of whose wreck the newspapers

have told in the last few years—notably such a concern as the Iron Hall. The depositors in Mrs. Howe's bank trusted in impossible promises made by a woman whom they believed honest. The members of the Iron Hall accepted an impossible scheme put forth by its promoters, whom they believed honest. They retained their blind faith up to the last moment; many of them retain it still, and attribute the order's disaster to anything but the evident cause.

Another notable example of this sort of blindness in matters financial is that of General Grant's connection with the unfortunate partnership that brought him to financial ruin. No one questions the personal honesty of the dead soldier. Why then should the affair of Mrs. Howe's bank be cited to prove the general dishonesty of woman, and why does the writer refer to it with a spirit of triumph as if giving proof that precludes further question?

Resting his argument on this case, however, he proceeds to show up another phase of woman's alleged dishonesty—her dishonesty of statement. "It is hard to make a woman realize that the object of argument is truth, not victory, and therefore she dishonestly disallows the truth that makes against her side. David said in his haste that all men are liars. He might have said the same thing of women at his leisure. It is not that they are merely illogical, but they consciously take unfair advantages, misstate their adversary's position, suppress facts or distort them when they cannot be suppressed, and close their eyes deliberately when convincing argument is brought against them. Their insincerity in argument is shown by the fact that they always lose their tempers. Don't tell me that men also lose their tempers in argument. Some men do. They are not intellectually sincere. Now, no women are intellectually sincere.

"And that is why they are all hypocrites. The hypocrisy may be of a very charming and kindly sort, it may be a concession to male weakness, it may be a bid for male admiration; nevertheless it exists. And being a lie it must eventually be swept out of the higher and truer life of the future.

"No woman deals honestly with her passions, her emotions, her desires. She has to veil them under a conventional simper. Is tne faculty of concealment indeed necessary to the preservation of womanliness? I doubt it. Woman as God made her is better than woman as she fancies man wants her to be. Perhaps he really wants her to be so. He is wrong. Woman is wrong in humoring him.

"Because some men consider candor unfeminine, and all women acquiesce, social and even home life becomes a network of lies. Men avowedly keep women in the dark on the plea that they are not strong enough to bear the light. Women, on their side, hold that men must be managed by diplomatic wiles, must be cajoled, humored, hoodwinked; that they themselves must maneuver for what they want, not take it boldly nor openly ask leave. And hence the husbands of these elusive creatures always feel a certain uneasiness; they know they are deceived, but not the where, the when, or the how; they cannot put their finger on the spot, but they are conscious of what they cannot prove."

Husbands of wives and sons of mothers, can these things be true?

SOUTHERN GIRLS.

THE drawing of contrasts between the women of one section of our extensive country and another has long been a favorite theme with writers. And yet each new comparison is eagerly read by all sections, for points of view differ and the fair subjects under discussion are always on the *qui vive* to learn how they are regarded by whatever knight of the pen may seek to prove the possession of keen powers of discrimination in the matter of conflicting feminine charms.

But it is one of their own sex who enters the lists and points out the differences between Northern and Southern girls, in the Philadelphia *Times*. "The native charm of Southern women," she says, "can scarcely be exaggerated. There is such a refreshing absence of modern progressiveness and aggressiveness about them, such soft witchery, such womanly dependence, such ease, such kindly cordiality. Our Northern girls are, as a class, better educated, better read, more conversant with current topics, more abreast of the times, but in the art, or, to speak more accurately, in the thousand and one arts which make a woman captivating, fascinating, irresistible, none is more skilled than the true born Southerner."

In this observer's view a distinction in the matter of dress is also apparent. "The Northern woman wears more expensive, less showy materials than do her Southern sisters, affects a plainer cut and quieter, darker colors. The Southern woman studies more the becoming, the picturesque,

the effective in the choice of her costumes. In short, the Northern girl's object is to be stylish, the Southern girl's to be beautiful."

SOUTHERN WEALTH.

SOME interesting facts that are more or less unfamiliar to the general reader are graphically presented by Richard H. Edmonds in an article on the "Industrial Development of the South," published in the *Engineering Magazine* for November. "In the early part of this century," observes the writer, "the South promised to become the industrial center of the country, but the growth of slavery exerted a depressing effect upon the manufacturing spirit, and gradually the artisan came to be regarded as inferior to the planter and the professional man. The planting of cotton, cane, and rice became not only the most profitable business, but the most highly esteemed." But the attractions of agriculture, and the blighting influences of the slave labor system, "could not eradicate from many of the Southern people the tendency to industrial matters inherited from their sturdy ancestors, who had scarcely landed in Virginia and the Carolinas before they commenced to write to England about the iron ore found in such abundance, and who had soon built furnaces and bloomeries over the whole mountain region of the South."

In 1860 the South had much more than its share of the assessed wealth of the country. The leading States in the amount of their wealth *per capita* of their population were as follows: Connecticut first, Rhode Island second; and after these two tiny Northern commonwealths came, in order, South Carolina, Mississippi, Massachusetts, Louisiana, Georgia, Florida, Kentucky, Alabama, Texas, New Jersey, Maryland, Arkansas, Virginia. Almost every one of the Southern States was in advance of such great Northern communities as New York, Pennsylvania, and Ohio. The total assessed value of property in the United States was $12,000,000,000, and of this the South, with only one third of the country's population and less than one fourth of the country's white population, had $5,200,000,000, or 44 per cent.

But the civil war brought a startling change. "It is difficult," says Mr. Edmonds, "to portray adequately the poverty it entailed upon the South, or to give a fair conception of the magnitude of the financial loss. It has been estimated, conservatively, that the latter aggregated from $4,000,000,000 to $5,000,000,000."

The blow was so terrible that for years the financial recovery was slow. "Notwithstanding the mighty industrial advance in the South during the last ten years, the building of twenty thousand miles of railroad, and the increase in agricultural production, the assessed value of property is not yet as great as it was thirty years ago, and Maryland—a border State—Florida, and Texas are the only States which have as much assessed wealth now as in 1860.

"Without capital or financial friends; its State governments largely controlled by thieves or ignorant negroes, the dupes and tools of unscrupulous white men; with hundreds of thousands of its young and most brilliant men dead on the battlefield or hopelessly wrecked in health; with thousands forced to seek a living in other sections; with disorganized labor and 4,000,000 uneducated negroes waiting for the general government to give them 'forty acres and a mule'—who can wonder that the South made but little progress until 1880, and who can fail to be amazed at the marvelous growth of the last ten years?"

THE AMERICAN LITERARY CENTER.

THE present preeminence of New York as a center of American literature and literary men is emphasized in an article by Douglas Sladen, published in the November *English Illustrated Magazine*. The writer begins with a retrospective glance at Boston's bygone supremacy. "At one time," he observes, "there lived in or round Boston such a brotherhood of giants as Emerson, Hawthorne, Longfellow, Lowell, Whittier, and Holmes. The body of Whittier—a great poet, the psalmist of a nation's throes—was but yesterday, amidst universal grief, laid in the New England earth which has received his forefathers for two hundred and fifty years. Today Boston is lit by the lingering sunsets of Oliver Wendell Holmes and Julia Ward Howe, and mourns the prematurely closing day of Francis Parkman, but the rays of what there is meridional in American literature of today play round New York."

The loadstone that has drawn the makers of literature to New York is the fact that the commercial metropolis is also the great literary market. It is the focus of the publishing industries—of the best of the periodical press, the magazines, and the principal book firms. Its literary clubs are much more numerous and important than those

of Boston or any other American city. Its libraries, though not what they should be, are not to be despised.

The *English Illustrated's* article proceeds to sketch some of the many writers of poetry or prose who have made New York their headquarters. It is notable that although the metropolis is young as a literary center, most of its literary leaders belong to the ranks of the veterans. There is Edmund Clarence Stedman, just past sixty, whom Mr. Sladen appreciatively terms "the literary pivot of New York. The poet of a hundred public occasions, the author of "Pan in Wall Street" and "How Old Brown Took Harper's Ferry," he is even better known as a critic. Not Lowell's critical work has been so important to America as his."

There is William Dean Howells, a comparatively recent immigrant from Boston; and Frank Stockton, who is pictured as "a little iron gray man, with large dark eloquent eyes, and a wonderfully expressive face, living near Morristown, N. J., in a towered and verandahed house charmingly situated on the holt which gives it its name. All the old roads round are bordered with great cherry trees, some of them three feet through. In his gently sardonic way he says that they are saved by bearing the right kind of fruit for boys, hardly worth eating. In winter he generally goes into the city for some weeks to an apartment house. He does not find the country so good for work, because he has a garden."

There is John Burroughs, whose fame belongs to the last generation; there is Edward Eggleston, and there was—alas that it should be "was"—George William Curtis, who has passed away since Mr. Sladen wrote. There is Richard Henry Stoddard, junior only to Dr. Holmes among American poets, who "made his mark forty years ago, and though much younger in years than the Longfellow group, was almost their contemporary in literature. He has the true lyric touch. Like many brother bards he is an editor, and has been a constant contributor to the magazines. His wiry frame gives evidence of former activity. Indeed at one time he worked as an ironfounder. He is very white and suffers from his eyes, but his pen shows no diminution of vigor. He lives in an old-fashioned little house near Union Square."

There are, of course, many younger men of varied achievement and high promise—Edgar Fawcett, Richard Watson Gilder, Theodore Roosevelt, Brander Matthews, and others too numerous to mention—so numerous, indeed, that it seems likely that New York's literary preeminence will be still more marked a generation hence than it is today.

THE COST OF A CHOLERA EPIDEMIC.

THAT cholera will knock at the door of the United States next summer is a probability that should be seriously considered, although it need not be an alarming one; that it may creep past our defenses and gain a foothold within our borders is a possibility which though alarming is fortunately remote.

One aspect of a cholera epidemic—the financial—is considered by Erastus Wiman* in the November *North American Review*. The disasters it would inflict upon commerce would of course be enormous. "If, for instance," says Mr. Wiman, "travel should lessen twenty five per cent, and the freight traffic diminish fifteen to twenty per cent, the railroads and steamship lines of the country would be most adversely affected. Yet such a contingency is not a remote one, if a universal fear took possession of the people. The desire to stay at home as the safest of places, the anxiety to avoid exposure and contact with others, the fear of change in water and of food prepared by strangers, would be universal, and it would be no exaggeration to believe that fully one quarter of those who habitually travel would cease to do so."

The loss of one quarter of their revenues would be a staggering blow to the railroads. "As a rule the surplus over operating expenses of average transportation facilities do not exceed twenty five per cent, and it is with this surplus that interest, fixed charges and dividends are paid. If these were to stop the extent of the calamity would be next to universal. Following this, however, would be the result that the entire monetary circles of the country would be most seriously affected. Not only would speculation

* Erastus Wiman, now known as one of the busiest and most successful business men of New York, was forty years ago earning a dollar and a half a week as an apprentice in a Toronto printing office. He made his way up to be commercial editor of the Toronto *Globe* and local manager of R. G. Dun & Company's agency, and in 1866 was called to New York to become a partner in the latter concern, with which he is still prominently connected. He has several other financial interests of various kinds, from Staten Island lands and railroads to nickel in the slot machines. He is an earnest advocate of Canadian annexation, and finds time for occasional literary work on political and financial topics.

be paralyzed and all new enterprises be checked, but even for the legitimate wants of business, the monetary accommodation would be wanting."

Credit would be almost universally shaken; banks would, like railroads, cease to be profitable, and by suspending dividends, further reduce the purchasing power of the community. "As to the effect upon the great exhibition at Chicago," Mr. Wiman continues, "should there be present in this country even slight signs of cholera, its consequences will be most damaging."

The moral is evident. "The very best possible efforts" must be used "to prevent the introduction of cholera." The events of last September in the harbor of New York, "dramatic in their incidents, and so full of danger to the public welfare, will not have been in vain in the shape of an object lesson, if from that lesson be learned the absolute necessity of precaution, and the most liberal provision with which to avoid the approach of the pestilence. The justification for any measures, however extreme, seems to be found in these occurrences, equally with the possibilities that would flow from the introduction of the disease into this country.

"Perhaps no event could occur which would more vividly illustrate the necessity for a reform in the matter of immigration. The steady stream of humanity which has set in the direction of these shores has of late years perceptibly declined in desirability, increased in danger, and lessened in its claims to consideration. If it were decided by Congress that no more immigration should be permitted within the next twelve months, the action would seem to be almost justified by the danger that is incurred."

CAN WE CREATE LIVING MATTER?

So wonderful are the achievements of modern science, and so great our advance in chemical and medical knowledge, that it is not beyond the bounds of reasonable speculation to inquire whether we shall ever be able to create living matter. The question—a supremely interesting and important one—is propounded by M. Armand Sabatier in an article on the "Synthesis of Living Beings" which the November *Popular Science Monthly* translates from the *Revue Scientifique*.

"If it is true," writes M. Sabatier, "that crude or dead matter and living matter are not separated by any impassable gulf, it seems reasonable to think that the resources of our laboratories, of which the power is increasing every day, will be able at some time to prove themselves capable of producing living matter from mineral."

He cites several instances in which substances that are products of animal life—formic acid, ethylic alcohol, and others—have been produced by chemical synthesis—that is, by bringing together the basic elements of which they are composed. Such syntheses had long been regarded as a contradiction of the laws of mineral matter, and therefore as an impossibility.

But those who uphold the "impassable gulf" theory, says M. Sabatier, "do not acknowledge themselves beaten; they have simply drawn back and circumscribed the field of their defeat. 'Yes,' they say, 'we acknowledge that chemistry has been able to perform the synthesis of some products of life; but they are inferior products, refuse. It has still never been able to prepare directly the superior products like albumen and the sugars. We cannot counterfeit the work of life.'

"The reader has been able to view and measure the motion of retreat. We can, with a little kindliness, regard it as having been performed in good order. But we can also, with entire impartiality, see in it the first steps of a backward march which will end in a rout. We can indeed say that the rout has already begun. In fact, the reputed impassable has just been partly passed, and syntheses characterized as impossible have been in large part realized.

"The synthesis of the most important of the series of sugars is now an accomplished fact," having recently been demonstrated by M. Fischer's experiments in organic chemistry. But shall we ever go beyond this?—shall we be able to create from their elements albumen, starch, a nerve cell, or a muscular fiber?

It should be remembered that nature does not "create" her complicated animal organisms. She merely "created living matter, simple and homogeneous; and this has been called, through a considerable series of ages and generations, to elaborate the differentiated elements with which we are acquainted.

"More than nature can do must not be demanded of the chemist. Those who ask him to create directly the cell and muscular fiber infinitely exceed the absurdity of the persons who would tell the miner, whose business is limited to extracting the mineral, to make an iron clad vessel with his ordinary tools and methods.

"What can be expected of the chemist is

thus well defined and outlined; it is to create simple living matter—albumen or protoplasm—as nature has created it. We are authorized to believe that he can do this by the progress that has been recently and rapidly made in organic syntheses."

MODERN NERVOUSNESS.

NERVOUSNESS is one of the inventions of nineteenth century civilization. Our ancestors hardly knew that nerves were a factor of their organization. A few generations ago doctors were subjecting their patients to periodical blood lettings to counteract a supposed excess of blood; and the patients were strong enough to stand the drain. But today anæmia and neurasthenia are everywhere.

In an article on "Modern Nervousness and Its Cure," published in *Ueber Land und Meer* and translated for the November *Popular Science Monthly*, Dr. Bilsinger declares that "the blame for the present condition of our society undoubtedly lies in the haste and pressure of the age, with its battle for existence, driving us into morbidity. The increase and crowded condition of lunatic asylums speaks with admonitory plainness in this matter.

"Even in the country, where the hygienic conditions are relatively favorable, the evil of nervous weakness is gradually making itself more plain. It is conspicuous in the larger cities, where, with the meeting of great masses of men, the clatter of railroads, and the driving of factories, excitement prevails through day and night, under which the afflicted nerves with great difficulty obtain the rest they need. To this haste and excitement in social life are added the schools with their augmented demands, the trial of examinations, and modern business life; and it is no wonder that only a small fraction of the population escape these attacks on the nervous system."

One of the worst results of the prevalence of nervousness is the appetite for stimulants and narcotics. As remedies these are worse than useless; instead of removing the evil they react to intensify it. The only means of cure, Dr. Bilsinger points out, are "the natural factors of healing—air, light, water, quiet, and exercise."

The victim of "nerves" must "try to be as much as possible in the open air." Mountain air is particularly advantageous. The water cures of which some physicians are enthusiastic advocates have in Dr. Bilsinger's opinion been overdone. "Man," he observes, "is not a water animal, but an air animal. By the abuse of water in nervous diseases that most sovereign of all remedies has, after a short period of popularity, come into discredit. It is certain that a too indiscriminate application of water is a double poison to nervous patients. It is, on the other side, incontestable that water applications in the right measure, and in a manner adapted to the character of the affection, are excellent. Equally advantageous for them are going barefooted when properly prescribed, and the air bath.

"Among other things, gardening and other occupations in the open air are of great benefit. Unhappily, in the large cities, where the majority of the patients live, there are only a few so fortunately situated as to be able to enjoy such employment to any considerable extent. Those who are able to go clear into the country, and work in the fields and woods in the sweat of their brows, will perhaps, if they are prudent and other conditions are favorable, effect a happy cure of their nervous disorders."

Diet is a matter that should be considered, with a careful avoidance of excess and a preference for vegetable food. "In other respects the patient must try to contribute force to his cure through self control, through strengthening of his will, and through bringing up his mind to a proper tone. For the modern world as a whole the essential thing is to return to ways of life more harmonious with nature and less vexing to body and soul."

WHY HEBREWS ARE TRADERS.

THE question "Why a Jew is not a Farmer" is effectively answered in an article by Mr. Kaufman, published in *Fetter's Southern Magazine* for November. The post biblical history of the Hebrew race amply explains its members' marked tendency to commercial and financial pursuits, and their apparent reluctance to bind themselves closely to the soil.

That reluctance was forced upon them. "According to the earliest known records of Jewish history," says the writer, "almost at the beginning of history itself, the Jews were a nation of herdsmen and tillers of the soil, with no inclination for trading. When the plains of Mesopotamia were as yet thinly settled, or entirely unoccupied, we find Abraham, a powerful emir (prince) of the country, pitching his tent wherever fertile pastures invite him. Isaac begins

the tillage of the green soil, which had as yet been unbroken by the plow, and Jacob purchases land, and follows in the footsteps of his fathers. In Egypt, Goshen, the most fertile and best pasture land in the country, is assigned them," and when they return to reconquer Palestine, "to each family was assigned a piece of land, presumed to have been about twenty acres, and every man sat under his own vine and his own fig tree."

But after the destruction of Jerusalem and their dispersion among the nations of Europe, the Jews underwent a thousand years of persecution that made them outlaws and wanderers. If tolerated at all, it was as a source of revenue, which was wrung from them by the grossest injustice and the most palpably outrageous cruelty. They were robbed, maimed, murdered, driven from kingdom to kingdom. To own land—when they were permitted to do so, which was not often—was merely to invite the spoliator.

In the year when Columbus discovered America the Jews in Spain—a land which "they had fertilized with their industry, enriched with their commerce, and adorned with their learning"—were ordered to leave the kingdom. Their lands and houses were practically confiscated by the command. A contemporary writer relates that he saw a Jew sell a house for an ass, and a vineyard for a few yards of cloth. No wonder that Mr. Kaufman should ask "what Jew—proverbially known to have been more intelligent than his barbarous oppressor—would invest in land or property not easily convertible, when it was liable to be taken from him at any moment, or at best be sacrificed and he driven out of the country?"

Macaulay once said in Parliament, in the debate on the removal of their former political disabilities from the English Jews, "We long forbade them to possess land, and we complain that they chiefly occupy themselves in trade. We shut them out from all the paths of ambition, and then we despise them for taking refuge in avarice. During many ages we have, in all our dealings with them, abused our immense superiority of force, and then we are disgusted because they have recourse to that cunning which is the natural and universal defense of the weak against the violence of the strong."

Mr. Kaufman expresses the same truth in somewhat stronger terms when he says: "Having been, by nature and education, a race of farmers, persecuted for centuries, excluded from agricultural as well as from all industrial pursuits, plundered, murdered, and exiled whenever a needy king or a bankrupt noble needed money, or an ignorant populace was excited into frenzy by an insensate and fanatic clergy, and deprived of the right to possess land, their activity was compressed into the narrower channel of traffic, and the innate trait of husbandry was rooted out in the Jews' composition as completely as if it had never existed there."

THE BEAU OF MANY PERIODS.

THE "dude" is not an enjoyable spectacle to look upon, but he is important enough to have a history, and this history, as it tells us under what names he sported his idiosyncrasies at different epochs of civilization, is not an uninteresting one. In an article on the "dudes" of olden days a writer in the New York *Recorder* tells us that one hundred years ago the umbrella and not the cane was the mark of the dandy. A "Rainbeau" the man was called who had the temerity to carry this protection from showers. "Jessamy" was another term for the "swells" of the period, while the gilded youths of London who had traveled and mimicked the styles of Rome and Naples were dubbed "Macaronis."

There is no call to make an outcry on the degeneracy of the times when we hear that certain male sprigs of fashion are addicted to the wearing of corsets. At the close of the last century "corsets had long been in favor among men, and the general style of dress was curiously fluffy and effeminate." And yet "fashionable men considered themselves very moderate in comparison with the men of an earlier time. They did not wear $30,000 shoes like Sir Walter Raleigh, nor shed diamonds as the Duke of Buckingham liked to do when he was certain some pretty woman was near enough to pick them up. But they reveled in a costume which it seems scarcely credible that a single century would cause to dwindle into a modern dress suit. The neck was wrapped about with a heavy cravat, the waistcoats were in gorgeous light tinted silks, satins and buckskin, the coat was slender and short, and the tightly fitting knee breeches often terminated in a pair of striped stockings. The wig had begun to disappear, but the hair was still much dressed. Indeed, if an old copy of the London *Morning Post* tells the truth, Lord Effingham kept a staff of six frizeurs."